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Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 4.

ANARCHISM AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

AS one who has enjoyed special opportunities for observing the gentle anarchist as he flourishes in the second largest city of the United States, I have written out these results of my observations as likely to be of general interest. It has also been my fortune to hear the lines of argument and persuasion pursued by many of the advocates of law and order, both lay and clerical. Generally speaking, it cannot be said that these lines have been chosen happily. In the main the speakers have been highly conservative, either not knowing or ignoring the wrongs of which anarchism complains, and of course having no remedies to propose except some more of the same thing. Their usual prescription is the power of the law, the education of the public school, and the religion of the church.

That none of these remedies can be depended on to cure anarchism is amply proved by past experience and by the nature of the disease. Education will not do it, for many of the anarchists are intelligent and educated. Even more powerless is the church, for anarchists generally regard it as the hypocritical ally of their arch-enemy capital, and hate and despise it accordingly.

The real remedy is one that receives little attention from these sociological doctors—the slum Settlement. It is a grand work, worthy of more than passing mention, that is being wrought by those centers of social health: like skin grafts

planted by the surgeon in the midst of sloughing ulcers, from which the healthy tissue gradually spreads until putrefaction and death are checked. No one can fully realize this without going into the thick of it and seeing eye to eye. The Boulevard knows nothing of it.

As stated at the outset, I have enjoyed special opportunities in this direction. The word "enjoyed" is used advisedly, for, to the student of sociology who cares to be more than a philanthropic dilettante, there is real pleasure in facing these ugly facts in their lurking-places and studying them at first hand. I have been present when the anarchists were out in force to wage wordy war for their doctrines; heard them vie with one another in raging against their "oppressors;" seen the deference and wild approval they gave to the widow of one of the "martyrs" of 1887 as she grew hysterical in denouncing her "wrongs" and theirs.

That is the way to study anarchy. Then you realize as never before the intense hatred of capital, and of every person and thing connected with capital, that is continually seething under the surface of the slums. Then you realize the terrible capacity for self-perversion of half-taught poverty; you see through their myopic eyes the tragedy of their narrow, grinding lot; and you can understand—even while you reprobate—their fierce hatred of every man who wears a good coat. Such first-hand study is an important part of a liberal education. Not that there is any danger of a Reign of Terror in the United States, but there is a certainty that outrages like the assassination of President McKinley will multiply.

In the twenty-one years since Alexander II. was shattered by the bomb of an anarchist, there have been fourteen political murders and attempts. Of these, eight were either avowedly the work of anarchists or inspired largely by their doctrines. But the significant fact is that the intervals between these outrages is shortening. After the death of Alexander II. a period of thirteen years elapsed before President Carnot, of France, was stabbed to the heart; then in only three years more Canovas, of Spain, was shot; and the very next year the beloved

Empress of Austria was murdered with a knife. Two years afterward came the shooting of the King of Italy and the attempt on the Prince of Wales; the next year President McKinley was sacrificed. Nineteen hundred and two has not yet claimed its victim, but anarchism is becoming a dangerous "annual," which must be extirpated by digging up its roots.

But what *are* the roots, and how are they to be extirpated? Of course they are many, including ignorance, prejudice, covetousness, and pure "cussedness." But the tap-root, the only really dangerous root, without which all the rest would be negligible, is the sense of wrong and injustice. No fair-minded man can listen, as I have, to Red talk without perceiving that in all their raving there is a large element of sincerity; and that is the dangerous element. Society can afford to smile pityingly at the frothings of men who are actuated merely by greed or viciousness and leave them to the police for treatment, but it cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to sincere men—to men who really believe, however wrongly, that they are oppressed. That is what Czolgosz meant in saying, "I did my duty." There are scores just like him—I have seen them and heard them rave—being nurtured and strengthened at this very moment in a conviction of the oppression of the masses by the classes, of the futility and injustice of all government, of the sacredness of anarchy, and of the justification for violence against any and all representatives of government. And the worst of it is that there are so many ugly facts in our economic and political conditions that seem to sustain their contention.

Now, what are we going to do about it? Laws and bayonets are powerless against so insidious a foe. There is but one way: straighten these men's crooked ideas and redress their real grievances; reason with them, and give them justice. This cannot be done by schools or churches or tracts or missions—only by following in the steps of Him who "went about doing good." That is the method of the slum Settlement—to get next to the people; and it is the only hope for the slum or for the staying of anarchism.

Among the many excellent Settlements in Chicago there is

one—the Chicago Commons—in which the problem of anarchism is being worked out along the most practical lines. The Commons stands in the midst of a Red neighborhood, like an outpost of order and civilization on a semi-barbarous frontier. Among its many praiseworthy features not one is more admirable than the so-called "Free Floor," which meets every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock—a free-for-all gathering in the large assembly hall; and whosoever will, let him come.

The order of procedure is simple and effective. A speaker is invited beforehand by Professor Graham Taylor, director of the Commons, to deliver an address on some economic or political subject of general interest. After he has finished, the chairman of the meeting invites the audience to ask questions, which the speaker may answer or not as he chooses. As the address is usually quite conservative, while the audience is composed largely of anarchists, socialists, and various other stripes and breeds of "ists," it may readily be conceived that the invitation for questions is often the signal for pandemonium to break loose. The questions come thick and fast, many of them keen and searching, finding the vulnerable places in the speaker's logic, and he must have quick wits and a ready tongue to meet them all promptly and squarely. The chairman has a gavel, which he is obliged to wield vigorously in deciding questions of precedence and in maintaining order and decorum. Often it is necessary for him to hold questioners to the question. They start in to make wild speeches, but are promptly required to confine themselves to one question and nothing else—an excellent discipline. The fellow who has been accustomed to hear his vapors received by saloon audiences with howls of delight and encouragement learns at the Free Floor what it is to be called to order, and to be compelled to speak to the question or sit down.

When the chairman thinks that enough questions have been asked and answered, he may throw the meeting open to short speeches, not to exceed three minutes each and not to wander widely from the subject of the evening. This is a much-prized opportunity. In such a crowd there are always would-be

orators eager to air their theories and notions, and they spring to their feet gesticulating wildly to catch the chairman's eye. It is a comical sight. The one who gets the floor evidently feels that remorseless three-minute rule hanging over him like a Damocles' sword, threatening to descend and cut short the flow of his eloquence; but he does not know how to select and condense, so he is usually in full career when the pitiless gavel falls, and he must sit down swelling with unspoken speeches. It is hard, but it is the best of discipline.

As a rule the audience is in good humor, but sometimes there is wild commotion; faces scowl, fists clench, voices clash, and a riot seems imminent. Then the chairman rises and pounds for order, and as soon as he can make himself heard he smoothes the boisterous waves with the oil of a little humor, and the incident passes off with a laugh all around.

Some of these anarchist orators speak pretty well, and even the well-informed visitor can catch bits of information from them that he will not be likely to pick up anywhere else. But far more valuable is the glimpse he gets here of modern social conditions from the workingman's point of view; and if he is of an open mind he will be surprised to perceive how partial and one-sided some of his own views have been. Even from the poor speakers a valuable lesson is to be learned—from the poor, stammering, stumbling fellows who pour forth a wild jumble of broken logic and broken facts in broken English. Often they become quite incoherent in their ravings against capital and in the recital of their "wrongs." The audience partly applauds, partly laughs at them, but really it is too pitiful to be amusing.

What a mental chaos, scarcely distinguishable from insanity! While abhorring their sentiments, the hearer is filled with pity at the sight of human souls groping in such mental and moral darkness. Yet these men are fellow-citizens and voters. Such a one was Czolgosz. Perhaps, if he could have had the benefit of the instruction, discipline, and good-fellowship of the Free Floor, President McKinley might be alive to-day.

There has been some criticism of this feature of the Chicago Commons by people who were either ill informed or prejudiced.

They jumped to the conclusion that "Free Floor" spelled anarchy, without taking the trouble to ascertain the truth of the matter. All Red talk is strictly forbidden; no one is allowed to abuse the freedom of the meeting by advocating either murder or robbery in any form. Think what all this signifies for the anarchists! They come to the Free Floor to receive, as they suppose, entertainment only; really they are being taught the first principles of good citizenship—principles that they would not accept in any other form. In the first place, they hear the truth of economic and political questions, presented without the distortions of the anarchistic press and platform. They learn to listen to distasteful doctrines in silence; to take their turn in speaking, both giving and receiving respectful attention; to speak to the point; to clothe their vague ideas in concrete form; to restrict their speech—selecting, condensing, and differentiating; to give and receive hard knocks without getting angry; to keep order and submit to authority. What an unconscious schooling in the lessons that are most fatal to the spirit of anarchy!

Again, the Free Floor fulfils a valuable function as a safety-valve for the discontent of the neighborhood. It is a prime mistake to suppose that the slums do not think. The common people are continually discussing and pondering the intricate subjects of labor and capital and wages, of rights and wrongs and remedies—at home, in the street, in the saloon, and in the shop. The little knowledge that they have is a dangerous thing, even if it were not doubly distorted by the cheap politician and the flash newspaper. Is it any wonder that they go astray? It is far better that men and women bitter with a sense of many wrongs, some imaginary, others real, should vent their bitterness at the Free Floor under reasonable restrictions, and then be answered straight to the point by a well-informed and logical speaker, than that they should gather in a filthy saloon to be inflamed by the unrestrained, beer-inspired mouthings of ignorance or demagoguery.

The above gives some idea of the grand opportunity for reaching the very root of anarchism that is offered by the slum

Settlement. No other place or method is to be compared with it. Here no machinery is necessary; the expense is nominal; and here the apostles of disorder will reason with the apostles of order with less feeling of antagonism than anywhere else: for do they not know by indisputable evidence the pure and unselfish spirit of the Settlement, whose only object is to be a helpful neighbor to them and to their children?

There is only one difficulty, probably the last that the reader suspects. It is easy to catch your audience, but not your speaker. It is a rare man or woman who can face and answer effectively such a crowd, fanatic and shrewd, having no respect for God, man, or devil. I have seen speakers, who could make very impressive addresses from pulpit or platform to a well-dressed, well-fed audience that was already convinced, go all to pieces before a Commons audience. Reverend gentlemen, who have been accustomed to deliver themselves with unction to hearers who would never think of being so rude as to dispute them, are unpleasantly jarred by an audience that does not hesitate to tell the speaker that he does not know what he is talking about, disputes his facts, and denies his most sacred premises. Under this baiting speakers act variously, according to their temperaments; they may wax indignant and sarcastic, or, after a feeble defense, throw up their hands and admit that they may be wrong after all and the anarchists may be right!

On the other hand, a strong man or woman, of self-control and quick wits, who understands that audience beforehand, can give them shot for shot good-humoredly, knock over their delusions and sophistries with the truth, command their respect and liking, and do them great good. No man can do this who stands up before an anarchistic crowd saying in his heart, "These are violent fools whom I am here to instruct;" he will end by being taught some things that he did not know before. The speaker who is to do such people any good must come to them in a sympathetic spirit, prepared to admit that the present social order contains much wrong that should be righted; prepared to de-class himself sufficiently to look at the economic situation through their eyes and to sympathize frankly with their real

grievances; prepared to waive any preconception whenever it comes in conflict with elemental truth; and helpful in pointing out the practical and immediate remedies. In short, he must be a straightforward, fearless *man*, if he is to lead perverted minds and hearts to see that peace is better than violence, saving better than wasting, ballots better than bullets. Here is the golden opportunity for patriotic men and women of the right stamp in all communities where anarchism has struck root. One of the most effective speakers before the Free Floor last winter was a woman—Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary of the National Consumers' League.

The man who can see but one side of a question will never do an anarchistic audience any good. He must never try to blink facts. They know, even better than he, what the sweat-shop means; for many of them sew the lives of themselves and of their wives and children into clothing for a mere pittance; they know that 20,000 children work in the factories of Illinois, an increase of 39 per cent. in one year, many of them under fourteen years of age, and working more than ten hours; they know that at the "happy Christmas time" of "peace, good-will to men" hundreds of children worked all night in Chicago that their employers might heap up dirty dollars; they know that the conditions of child labor in the factories of some of the Southern States are infinitely worse, a disgrace to American civilization. Of what use for any speaker, however eloquent, to talk to such men of the beauties of "education" and "love"—as I have heard them do—while shutting their eyes to the real grievances that are the tap-root of anarchism?

It is one of the cheering signs of the times that these matters are being agitated, though it is little to our credit that the poor and ignorant must be the pioneers of economic reforms. If the death of such a man as William McKinley was necessary to wake us up to the study of the conditions that produced a Czolgosz, then the sacrifice was not in vain. Let slum Settlements be multiplied; but while we reason with the anarchist let us leave no wrong unremedied of which he can justly complain.

New York City, also, is finding the right answer to anarchism. Mayor Low has chosen for his private secretary Mr. J. B. Reynolds, for eight years head of the University Settlement, a man who has got next to the people by identifying himself with the life of the slum. For tenement-house commissioner Mayor Low has appointed Mr. R. W. De Forest, president of the Charity Organization Society; and as deputy commissioner, Mr. Lawrence Veiller, an expert on tenement-house conditions. The new commissioner of charities is Mr. Homer Folks, head of the State Charities Association. District-Attorney Jerome has made good his ante-election promises by renting a house on the lower east side for his own residence. There he has located the District-Attorney's sub-office, kept open evenings for the express benefit of him that hath no helper.

But Massachusetts leads all the States in finding the answer to anarchism. Her admirable factory legislation cuts much of the ground from under the feet of the anarchistic agitator, and she will do even better. The other States are too far behind—many of them have not even started. The anarchists claim that they are the real reformers of economic conditions for Labor. The best answer to that claim would be to leave no wrong unrighted to which they could point. Until that is done we cannot excuse ourselves by asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

R. WARREN CONANT, M.D.

Chicago, Ill.

THE CIVIC OVERSOUL.

IN these days of metaphysics, it has become customary to think much and reason much on the Oversoul. And deep and occult things are said and done and felt in order to procure an insight into the mysterious something called the Oversoul of the World. Search in this direction is difficult, because of the greatness of the task; to discover and disclose the Oversoul of all the world is a gigantic undertaking and requires a mind and genius proportionate to the work.

But there are smaller instances that come more readily within the scope of the ordinary thinker. If in place of the totality of the world a smaller combination of human interests be taken, the investigation as to the Oversoul assumes less formidable proportions. The civic or municipal oversoul is a matter more reasonably within the grasp of the observing mind.

Its manner of creation can be understood in this way: A man living alone is at perfect liberty to follow out whatever his inclinations may be. No restraining influences are brought to bear upon him, so far as humanity is concerned, save those imposed by time, space, physical conditions of the place where he lives, together with his own bodily and mental limitations. But as soon as a neighbor settles beside him there arise certain requirements of boundary-line, of water supply, of disposal of waste, etc., to which a certain more or less definite amount of attention must be paid. When the number of neighbors increases this series of requirements becomes larger and larger and presently assumes proportions adequate to the size of the hamlet, village, town, or city that has been created. In fact, a new entity has come into existence, and it has been created according to a perfectly familiar physiological law.

It is a fact well known to those familiar with physiology that every unital organ of the body is in reality a colony of individuals—of cells, fibers, membranes, valves—each with a function

and a use of its own, each with an individuality and a life peculiar to itself. But as soon as this colony of individuals has completed the aggregate organism, that organ instantly assumes a function in the body at large that differs from the separate and individual functions of each component part. It is not made up of them. It is an "oversoul" to the organ as a totality.

In exactly the same way there is an entirely new entity—a *human* entity—created when a corporate body of any kind is formed. It is an entity that has needs and wants of its own differing from and independent of those of any one component individual; and it is *human* because it has *human* wants and stands for *human* interests. It is a new and distinct individual,—a larger man, so to speak; a Grand Man, or Maximus Homo,—with rights, privileges, and requirements, representing an aggregate Organ but not pronouncedly any component individual or even series of individuals.

Maeterlinck has very accurately described the glimpse he caught of this "oversoul" in his "Life of the Bee," when he describes it as the "spirit of the hive" and ascribes to it interests and passions and potentialities not in any way confined to any single individual of the hive, or to any one clan, drone, worker, or possible queen. The French catch the same glimpse of the "oversoul" of a corporate entity when they speak of the "*esprit de corps*"—that intangible, impalpable, human something which imposes definite duties and obligations upon the individuals constituting the aggregate.

Beginning with the fundamentals of mathematics, wherein a number has value according to its association with another number, and where *that association* creates relative values (for instance, the number 3, if associated with the number 1 in the following ways: 13, 31, $\frac{1}{3}$, 1.3, .13, etc., changes its relative value and influence in a problem *by reason of that association*, and so with all other numbers), the same law holds true that association creates a new entity and that human association creates a new human entity, which, for want of a better name, may be called the "Civic Oversoul."

As soon as a corporate entity, like a municipality, is formed, this new entity begins to assert its rights. It prescribes (sometimes by partial, sometimes by common, consent) certain building laws; sewerage, water, gas., etc., rates; regulations as to health and the maintenance of nuisances; regulations as to roads, bridges, and parks; as to churches and schools; as to trade and commerce, saloons and circuses. In fact, a very complex organic structure in the human form is shaped and born—with a head (usually called the administrative head, mayor, *bürgermeister*, *maire*, or similar title) and a brain, quite frequently like the individual brain in two chambers (usually called a select and common council in our larger cities, or assembly and senate for a larger body, or congress and senate for the nation), with laboring men or workers, who are from the nature of the case spontaneously and subconsciously called "hands," with an arm, usually and with equal spontaneity and propriety called "the strong arm of the law," with a circulating system of roads, traffic, and transportation, with a nervous system of telegraphs and telephones—and so on to the end of the chapter, as far as the student chose to carry this more than simile.

We naturally create a set of corporate working bodies to carry forward the interests of such a corporate entity, and therefore rather spontaneously than otherwise elect or appoint boards of health, school boards, boards of assessment, of trade, of education, according to the various needs that the larger man, the civic entity, shows and imposes upon the individual. And the spirit or oversoul of the town soon shows, according to the requirements of the case. In one town it is a commercial spirit; in others it is the spirit of manufacture; in others it is a railroad interest; in some there is a rural soul, in others a suburban soul, in others a residential spirit. Each town has its own spirit or oversoul, peculiar to the duty or task for which the town itself was created. And with the dying out of this spirit the town itself dies: witness the mining camps or the manufacturing villages when they have become deserted.

Granting such an oversoul, a number of interesting points develop. One is that the thing called "civic consciousness" is the modern recognition of an established fact—that the larger humanity, called a town, or municipality, has a soul, an oversoul. And the other is that in the development of that soul there is a series of steps similar in every way to those through which an individual soul passes. As matters at present stand, the "civic oversoul" is in rather a childlike condition. Several traits of child life attend the present stage of its development. There seem to be three such traits that are most pronounced in this our day, a consideration of which would lead to the conclusion that the civic oversoul has just about reached the age of the average ten-year-old schoolboy.

If there is one trait about the schoolboy of that age that is keenly in evidence, it is that of *cruelty*. It is at this stage of his career that he investigates the fly and the spider, to the eternal damagement of Nature's economy, so far as flies and spiders are concerned; it is at this point that he turns careful attention to bent pins and tacks and to a multitude of devices for distributing gratuitous pain among his co-workers in the schoolroom. It is also at this time that the element of competition and the cruelty that naturally goes hand in hand with it assert themselves. We now know, thanks to science, that the boy is passing through that projected and epitomized period of race-life when commerce first entered the lists, just as previously he passed through the barbarous stage, through the martial stage, through the destructive stage pure and simple.

What an individual boy experiences as an epitomized section of projected race-inheritance a corporate race-boy must need experience. Hence, almost all corporate bodies of to-day are said to be "soul-less," "cruel," "reckless of humanity," and are apparently trying with brutal frankness to live up to their reputation. There is an intense spirit of competition that ranges from the individual cutting of rates to the cut-rate wars of great corporations; from the callous way in which a municipality calls for the "lowest bid," and all the carelessness and the shiftless and half-done work that it involves, to the abso-

lutely barbarous way in which the large corporation crowds all its competitors to the wall and chokes off their air and sunlight. Surely there is a startling resemblance between the larger condition and the habits of the schoolboy.

A second trait is that of heterogeneousness and disorder. At this point the boy has not yet struck that peculiar anxiety about his clothes which comes upon him presently when, after a brief period of apparent dislike of the other and opposite sex, the "girl" enters into his daily walk with a delightfully continuous fascination. During the stage of which we talk the boy's pocket, his bureau drawers, his school desk are a glorious concept of original chaos that would delight the heart of the Greek and make for his story of Cupid and Psyche a most delightfully appropriate background. And if it be investigated what this confused mass of top and marble and string and knife and select hardware and Nature-studies means, it will be found that it exists because of two reasons; one is that the boy so chooses, or, as a large branch of the Anglo-Saxon family maintains, because "he so elects," and the other is that he may have a supply of material for barter and dicker. If election and barter and dicker do not have a familiar sound to the student of municipal affairs, I can conceive of nothing that does.

The schoolboy oversoul of a municipality will do just this thing. It will gather together a nondescript agglomeration of human material and fill its official cubbyholes or offices with it. Misfit tax assessors, school trustees, boards of health, etc., are in evidence in unpleasant multiplicity. I have seen men run street sprinklers and school boards with beautiful impartiality, and I have seen members of boards of health that needed disinfecting. I suppose they were introduced into the board as samples for sanitary appliances—somewhat as a temperance lecturer is supposed to carry a sot with him as a "dreadful example of the curse of rum."

And alongside of this heterogeneousness runs the spirit of barter. The schoolboy oversoul swaps offices for votes; it barters a candidate for a concession, a public "emolument" for

an autograph signature if the latter appear on the proper document. And this branch of the subject is perfectly familiar and so utterly candid as to require no further comment. The schoolboy oversoul of a municipality swaps offices as individual schoolboys swap a bladeless knife for a hammerless pistol.

And finally the schoolboy has little sense of "mine and thine." His descent upon the neighbor's apple orchard, his proclivity to make away with signs and barber poles, his tendency toward attaching himself to tangible mementos of salient events—all these and many more show that he is passing through that projected dream of race-inheritance in which Mercury drives cattle backward out of the caves of their owner and performs other fancy feats that brand him as the god of other than merchants. And the schoolboy has not yet attained a standard of morals—he is going to pass through a stage of moral insensibility that is most trying. His standard of honesty and morals will presently grow and grow by natural and normal educational means, but until that time comes we must "bide a wee."

So the schoolboy civic soul is passing through a stage of arrant dishonesty. Coal rises from \$5.75 to the individual consumer to \$11.25 to the school or to the city hall, with no apparent reason, even in years when the Pennsylvania militia is not called out to quell Little Hungaria. Books accessible to the ordinary trade rise from 8¼ cents to 27 cents when purchased in quantities for schools. Stone delivered to the individual at \$1.25 a perch swoops upward to \$1.85 a perch in the same unaccountable way in which a bargain-counter sale "reduces" a 40-cent article to 69 cents. A waterworks plant paying interest on \$300,000 as long as held by a private corporation is suddenly worth \$850,000 when the city wants to buy (or rather *has* to buy) it. There is no perceptible supply of honesty in any excessive prominence in the schoolboy oversoul of the city.

And in the same way a corporate entity in our day seems utterly devoid of the sense of moral responsibility. Men are selected for public office, and these offices are dealt

out to them as "plums" or an act of charity in the most ludicrously inopportune way. Men who would rise in righteous wrath if offered private charity will take a collectorship, or a mayoralty, or a shrievalty, to add to their otherwise rather meager salary. Or they will claim a public office as a "plum" pure and simple. "Let's give Bill the collectorship—he's hard up," or "he deserves it, 'cause he set up half the night a-countin' votes as warn't polled." Out upon such a lack of moral sense among men claiming adolescence! In the same way, transportation companies in almost all instances fail to realize their moral responsibility toward the passenger or his goods. The proverbial baggage-smasher is not arrested at his trade; conductors jam their cars with ill-assorted humanity in the most distressing ways, and the average New Yorker is furnished with all the gymnastic exercise he needs by being enthusiastically permitted to hold on to a good stout strap from the Battery to Harlem.

But the schoolboy presently, normally and naturally, grows to be a man. On every hand there are unmistakable signs in the air to show that he is ageing properly and that the Civic Over-soul is gradually coming to realize proper manhood responsibility. Take one instance only. There are several cities in the Union to-day (and they are not all small cities) that realize that in an ordinary business sense a corporation of three or ten men called a "firm" does not "elect" its book-keeper or its clerks. It does not give the "job" to Billy or Jimmy because the "boys" like them or they "set up the drinks." It would be utterly absurd. It is equally absurd when a city "elects" its paid officials, and "elects" Jimmy or Billy to be assessor, or city clerk, because the boys "like 'em," though neither of them can spell, neither of them can tell a set of business books from a baseball field, and neither of them has the slightest interest in the city as such, nor could they distinguish intelligent citizenship with a 36-inch refractor telescope.

Such nonsense is absolutely grotesque in its imbecility. For the city is a corporation in exactly the same sense in which a

firm is a corporation. The tax and rent paying citizens are the members of the firm, their taxes and legitimate charities are the capital paid in; the roads, schools, light, police, and other service are the returns on the investment. And this larger corporation should exercise the same privileges and cautions in selecting its workmen and officials as are exercised in that same selection by a smaller corporation and its board of directors. Civil service examinations, credentials, testimonials, a bond, a definite business arrangement will soon take the place of the now prevalent method; and the recognition of a municipality as a business corporation, doing an orderly business in a business way, will help unto a more fitting expression the "Civic Oversoul."

ADOLPH ROEDER.

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THE DEMOCRACY OF SHELLEY AND KEATS.

THE young, brilliant, beautiful, and brief-lived poets, Percy Shelley and John Keats, who burst upon the nineteenth century like the twin stars of "The Deiphobi," became day-stars of modern Democracy, and have gained steadily in divine effulgence, like those far stars whose light streams on our planet after they have really escaped elsewhere on their celestial courses. Such white heat of spiritual splendor and inspiration as they bore could not but burn out the calcium points of terrestrial matter by which the fiery current of their genius communicated itself to humanity. And we may almost calculate of such genius that in direct proportion to its purity, translucence, and healing influence will be the speed with which it volatilizes its fleshly tabernacle and withdraws itself into that Divine Radiance from which it emanated.

We need but glance over the pages of deathless fame—from that primeval symbolic murder of the young shepherd and idealist, Abel, by his brother Cain; or the young Christ crucified by Jewish Pharisees; or the young Raphael fading in the foetid courts of medieval papacy; down to Chatterton, Keats, and Shelley, blotted out untimely by British philistinism—to see this law of *liability* revealed.

Contemporaneous conventional criticism seldom rises above the sordid ideals of materialistic commercialism long enough to recognize a meteor till it fairly overturns their pedestal of commonplace routine.

Even Joubert croaks like the fabled frogs against a descending Jupiter such as Plato, that "he loses himself in the void, though one sees the play of his wings and hears their rustle." And Matthew Arnold, with a complacence equal to any of his own philistines, echoes this carping criticism in speaking of Shelley: "Beautiful and ineffectual angel!—beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." As though celestial Jove

ever lost his way in voids, or angels of light ever descended in vain!

It is the constant error of mere talent that it expects and accepts only the familiar, forgetting that it is the unexpected that happens, and that the spirit "bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." A materialistic age seeks after a material "sign," and, tightening its grasp on the obvious egg-shell of things, disbelieves in the invisible bird or the growing song in its throat, till suddenly some day the egg-shell crumbles and the bird and the song burst forth.

Paul tells of this "war in our members;" Light against Dark; Mind over Matter; Soul and Body convulsively entwined. Spirits emanating from the vast Sea of Creative Life or summoned to earth by some cry of love and passion, leave—like Pegasus—the celestial pasture lands, the green meadows and still waters of Heaven. They are, however, unsuited to their environment and become restive and fretful in the dull harness of mundane utilitarianism. At best, but for a fevered hour they work in the carts of habit and tradition, after which we find them flinging out ethereal pinions and vanishing in the empyrean, to the great satisfaction of materialistic conventionalism, which ever decries Pegasus and shrinks from genius or the man with an immortal ideal.

Shelley and Keats shot like meteors upon the mist-shrouded night of England at a time when Tory reaction had taken alarm at the French Revolution. Democratic reform for human amelioration had tossed the medieval periwigs and harlequins of Louis XVI.'s court out of the rusty Bourbon cart that had long driven rough-shod over the people. Their ilk everywhere were panic-stricken, and shot wildly at every democratic Pegasus seen coming through the air. Certainly Pegasus had overturned and broken the cart under the wild whips of France, and was even then being turned aside into the private stables of Napoleon. Hence the absurd paradox that English liberals (struggling for social and industrial reforms against kindred tyranny to that of Continental Europe)

should have stampeded in a retrograde direction, through sheer fear of poor drivers over the channel.

Shelley and Keats came flying down just as the air became surcharged with Tory curses; and it was as inevitable that our two "immortal and beautiful children" of genius should have their bright wings bruised and their lives crushed out as for any two humming-birds in a Bowery boys' school.

The Tory brutality, however, that destroyed these winged messengers of heaven failed in its purpose and by a sort of poetic justice concentrated public attention upon the message they bore, thus greatly reenforcing the rising tide of Democracy and humanism that was destined soon to change the genius and character of English government.

Let us try to discover and state briefly, then, the secret of the indomitable inrush of warmth, light, and social vibration conveyed by these two geniuses with such exceptional splendor. I think it may be summed up in two compact phrases: The Spirit of *Cosmic Beauty* and the Spirit of *Cosmic Sympathy*.

However many children of the Renaissance had from time to time heralded in a tentative way the coming of the genius of Democracy, yet John Keats and Percy Shelley epitomized in the most transcendently perfect popular expression the new "*Weltschmerz*" or Earth-Throe struggling to light and realization.

Keats seized, revived, and reembodyed the living spirit, principles, and vital essence of Greek Beauty, but with a far wider reach of vision and popularity of presentation (as related to our richer concepts of Nature) than any one since the Ancients. Yet he has also been called "the most Shakespearean poet since Shakespeare." Like his own "Endymion,"—wooed by the mystic glories of Cynthia in the witcheries of midnight, and borne by her marble-limbed naiads to her own moss-green fount of inspiration,—Keats caught the multicolored, broadly harmonic flushes of twilight, the serene fantasies of life's weird moonlight, the melting passion and ecstasy of her midnight cry—as from the human soul itself—for Divine Beauty,

Romance, and Self-perfecting. While Shelley, with a heart filled with sympathy and suffering for the whole human race,—a heart as tender and sensitive as his famous "Sensitive Plant,"—soared after some "magic flute" above the cloudlands and miasmas of earth, where he heard the silver-throated skylark singing; and gave the morning call to society of a new millennium, a millennium of wider Mercy, Fraternity, Democracy, and Peace.

Both were aristocratic in intellectual tastes and culture, yet both were democratic and unassuming in human sympathies. Both keenly felt and epitomized the spirit of the New Age, and undermined conventional affectations in life, morals, and art. And both deeply and practically expressed a broadening and manly altruism.

Yet with Keats his Democracy led him into closer and more intimate relations with all the details of Nature, of Beauty, and of its literary expression. With Shelley, Beauty fired him with an ever-broader, diviner devotion to his fellow-men.

While it would be difficult, perhaps, to decide which was the superior poet, where each was so perfect and genuine at his best, yet it might be said that if a blemish could occur in the music of Keats it was apt to originate in an over-elaboration and euphemistic delight in verbal and metrical beauty *for itself*; while with Shelley it was more apt to intrude from the overcharging of the poetry proper with the contents of his socialistic sympathies.

Thus Keats, like a young Bacchus or Orpheus, intoxicated by the passion of the night and the nightingale's rhapsody, sings throbbingly:

"I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

And he revels with lavish, sensuous delight upon every faint or far-off auxiliary suggestion of bud, or insect, and calls for

" . . . A beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,"

that he may delight in the

"Beaded bubbles winking at the brim,"

and with a

" . . . Purple-stained mouth,
 . . . drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee [bird] fade away into the forest dim."

He is willing almost that the theme and himself should "fade," if only the reader catches the myriad murmurs, melodies, and perfumes of night in tangled intoxication.

Whereas Shelley, even in his "Indian Serenade," when painting the night with a palette of almost equal Oriental splendor, keeps the passion *upon the human lovers* involved, and, even when floating above the clouds, in clear cerulean ether of high noon, on the spirit wings of his "Skylark," joyously transmuting into immortal music every palpitation of its "full heart" and every profuse strain of its "unpremeditated art," must yet poise a moment, pensively, and sigh from his Jovine throne:

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

We might say that Keats' genius was more concerned with the intellectual and sensuous beauty of the antique revelation—Shelley's with the sympathetic and moral beauty of the modern. Both were essential halves of one essential whole, and together they crystallized the dream of the modern centuries for a "*Universal Beauty with Universal Brotherhood.*" Keats was more serenely and unconsciously pagan; Shelley was more plaintively and unconfessedly Christian. Both were absolute geniuses, inherent poets, prophets to the manor born, ultimate martyrs in the untoward age to which they were sent.

British philistinism, trembling on the walls of its medieval Jericho, and hearing with indignant alarm the startling call

of Shelley's high clarion and Keats' sweet, pure bugle, sprang down and blindly stoned or starved to death these beautiful "children of Apollo." But not many years after, as is usually the case, it shamefacedly gathered up their ashes and reared sepulchers in memory of their deathless fame.

Consulting the correspondence and biographies of those who knew them most intimately, we find that, though Shelley represented the upper stratum of English society and Keats the lower stratum, yet they united in presenting a higher aristocracy and type than that which prevailed, born of genius mingled with humanity, and which is the archetype of a nobler and newer civilization to-day.

As boys and young men, both were beautiful, fascinating, intellectually alert and clear-seeing, high-strung spiritually, tender, affectionate, generous, and (though ever eerily imaginative, "seeing the invisible," full of transcendental visions and hearkening to spirit voices) still ever remarkably human and even sensible—except when injustice and calumny awoke tempests of indignation and resistance, when they became veritably formidable, as they were absolutely fearless. We find the sweetness of a St. John sometimes strangely co-allied with Boanerges, "Son of Thunder."

Of the two, Shelley was perhaps the most intellectually dominant, humanly sensitive and far-seeing; but Keats was the better poised, balanced, and proportioned.

As Sidney Colvin aptly says: "For Shelley natural beauty was in a twofold sense symbolical. In the visible glories of this world his philosophy saw the veil of the unseen, while his philanthropy found in them types and auguries of a *better life on earth*; and all the imagery of Nature's remote and skyeey phenomena—of which no other poet has had equal mastery, and which comes borne to us along the music of his verse,—

'With many a mingled close
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odor keen,'—

was inseparable from his visions of a *Radiant Future* and a *Renovated Humanity*. In Keats the sentiment of Nature was simpler, more direct and disinterested. It was instinct to love

and interpret Nature more for *her own sake*, and less for the sympathy which the human mind can read into her."

Keats was by conviction more purely the "Esthete," passionately seeking the Ideal, and holding his motto:

"'Tis the Eternal Law
That first in Beauty should be first in Might."

Yet so human and friendly was he withal that he yields to Shelley the confession that "the pursuit of Beauty is only justified when accompanied by devotion to human service."

He says: "I have no enjoyment but continual drinking of knowledge, and find no worthy pursuit but doing good to the world." So that in one moment's irritation at the meanness of the Tory critics he exclaimed, "I will write no more poetry, but do good to the world in some other way." Yet quickly recovering his dignity and consciousness of mission, he keeps up both his genius and his goodness to a still braver battle.

In some of his finest passages of prose and poetry he brings these truths together:

"There lives not a man who may not be lashed upon his weaker side. The best men have but a *portion* of good, a kind of spiritual yeast by which a man is propelled to strive and buffet with circumstance. The best way is first to know a man's faults and then be passive. If, after that, he insensibly draws you, you have no power to break the link."

"How beautiful—if Sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self! . . .
There was a listening fear in her regard.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the Human Heart, as if just there—
Though an immortal—she felt cruel pain."

And again:

"None can usurp this height
But those to whom the miseries of this world
Are misery, and will not let them rest.
All else who find a heaven in this world
Where they may, *thoughtless, sleep away their days,*
Rot on the pavement!"

His brother writes: "John's eyes moistened and his lips quivered at the relation of any tale of generosity or benevolence, or noble daring, or at sights of loveliness or distress."

"He had eyes," says Mrs. Proctor, "as of one looking on some glorious sight." And we know that this was not merely the vision of Beauty, but of that "new Jerusalem coming down from God:"

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

He does not claim the Vision all alone:

"High-mindedness, a jealousy for God,
A Loving-kindness for the great man's fame,
Dwells here and there with people of no name,
In noisome alley and in pathless wood:
And where we think the Truth least understood
Oft may be found a singleness of aim
That ought to frighten into hooded shame
A money-loving, pitiable brood.
How glorious this affection for the Cause
Of steadfast Genius toiling gallantly!
What, when a stout unbending champion awes
Envy and malice to their native sty?
Unnumbered souls breathe out a still applause,
Proud to behold him in his country's eye."

Keats knows the battle is not *personal*, but for *mankind at large*, and that Shelley's clarion call to "Men of England"—which is a veritable Saxon Marseillaise—must be seconded. So when Shelley calls:

"Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay you low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

.....
"Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

.....
"Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth—let no impostor heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms—in your defense to bear."

.....
"Hearest thou the festival din
Of Death, and Destruction, and Sin,
And Wealth crying *Havoc!* within?
'Tis the bacchanal triumph which makes Truth dumb,
Thine epithalamium,"—

Keats bravely follows him up with this bugle call :

"In the vista of the year to roll
Let me not see our Country's *honor* fade:
Oh, let me see our land retain her *Soul*,
Her pride, her Freedom—and not Freedom's *shade*.

"Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
Great *Liberty* (how great in plain attire!),
With the base purple of a court oppressed
Bowing her head, and ready to expire."

"There are who lord it o'er their fellow-men
With most prevailing tinsel: who unpen
Their baaing vanities, to browse away
The comfortable green and juicy hay
From human pastures. . . .
Still are dight
By the blear-eyed nations in empurpled vests
And crowns and turbans. With unladen breasts
Save of blown self-applause. . . .
Their tiptop nothings, their dull skies, their thrones—
Amid the fierce intoxicating tones
Of trumpets, shoutings, and belabor's drums."

He despises bloodthirsty Cæsarism and greedy imperialism, and with one stroke of genius sharply contrasts the useful grain and the useless poison of pomp and vanity :

"On one side is the field of drooping oats
Through which the poppies show their *scarlet coats*,
So pert and useless that they bring to mind
The Scarlet Coats that pester Humankind."

He foresees as clearly as Shelley that they two must render up their young lives, and both suffer and die for their Vision and for Humanity. They have just beheld Washington and his farmer boys overthrow the "Scarlet Coats" at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and Lafayette tear down the "scarlet" stones of the Bastille and the "scarlet" woman of the court. They know their own pure example will be caught up by hero-hearts and their pæans ring on forever to the ages of Freemen :

"What though for showing Truth to flattered state
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he
In his immortal spirit been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate
Minions of grandeur! think you he did wait?"

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning . . .
And other spirits there are, standing apart
Upon the Forehead of the Age to Come.
• These—these—will give the world another *Heart*
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings in the human mart?
Listen a while, ye nations—and be dumb."

Neither is afraid of death, nor of them who, killing the body, have wrought their worst, having no power over the soul. Almost alone—poor boys!—they spring together to the battle and the sacrifice. Keats, perhaps more conscious that he was to fall before his friend, utters this requiem and sings his own swan-song:

"Lone spirits who could proudly sing
Their youth away and die! . . . Sweet music has been
heard
In many places; some has been upstirred
From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,
By a swan's ebon bill; from a thick brake,
Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild
About the earth; happy are ye and glad!
.
.
.
.
That I might die a death
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
The morning sunbeams to the Great Apollo,
Like a fresh Sacrifice!"

As the cruel rack of poverty and neglect was screwed down upon his brave heart, his voice grew hollow:

"Can death be sleep, when life is but a dream,
And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?
The transient pleasures as a vision seem,
And yet we think the greatest pain's to die.

"How strange that man on earth should roam,
And lead a life of woe, but not forsake
His rugged path, nor dare to view alone
His future doom—which is but to *awake!*"

And now, almost as a departed spirit, his song reaches us tenderly:

" Thou didst die
A half-blown flow'et which cold blasts amate.
But this is past: thou art among the stars
Of highest heaven: to the rolling spheres
Thou sweetly singest: nought thy hymning mars,
Above the ingrate world and human fears.
On earth the good man base detraction bars
From their fair name, and waters it with tears."

And at last we hear the song of triumph, though in lines addressed to a departed friend:

"As from a darkling gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the eastern light
On pinions that nought moves but pure delight,

So fled thy soul into the Realms Above,
 Regions of Peace and everlasting Love;
 Where happy spirits crowned with circlets bright
 Of starry beam, and gloriously bedight,
 Taste the high joy none but the blest can prove.
 There thou, or joinest the Immortal Choir
 In melodies that even heaven fair
 Fill with superior bliss, or, at desire
 Of the Omnipotent Father, cleavest the air
 On holy message sent. What pleasures higher?
 Wherefore does any grief our joy impair?"

The very "timbre" of their imagination and sentiment, colored by exceptionally trying conditions of injustice, doubtless qualified their language (in specific cases) by a poignant tang of trenchant truth that brought down on them extra political and social malevolence. Still, before they had given the world any clear definition of their sympathies or convictions, they were gratuitously assailed by Tory spite, from the mere acquaintance they had with Leigh Hunt's talented Democratic circle.

Both poets were markedly affectionate and chivalrous to their associates of childhood and young manhood, but both were disappointed and betrayed in their cravings for domestic love. It would have been difficult for any woman not of equally fine tone to have satisfied the passionate tenderness and devotion of those beautiful young gods, though it was easy enough for ordinary femininity (with average craft) to have coveted or cajoled either of them.

Fanny Bawne failed as distinctly, before marriage, with Keats to rise to her opportunity and privilege as did Harriet Westbrook, after marriage, with Shelley.

When the delicate and lonely Keats was struggling heroically to support his orphaned brothers and sister, and to beat back by pure genius the blows of vicious enemies, a noble-hearted and unselfish wife could probably have saved him by her sympathy, nursing, and devotion; and this he pathetically sought in Fanny Bawne, but with a delicacy and shrinking consideration wholly lost on one so coldly commonplace—though his need and agony were but feebly concealed in his dying song to her:

"I cry thee mercy—pity—love!—aye, love!
Merciful love that tantalizes not,
One-thoughted, never wandering, guileless love,
Unmasked, and being seen—without a blot.
Oh, let me have thee whole—all—all be mine!
Yourself—your soul—in pity give me *all*.
Withhold no atom's atom—or I die!"

Yet her impassive nonchalance or calculating timidity refused this rare appeal of a matchless soul; and consumption soon swept him away, broken-hearted and over-strained, in the bloom of his beauty and beneficence.

Harriet Westbrook, with even more of a frail woman's vanity, and less of a fine woman's devotion, schemed with her sister till they captured young Shelley by appeals to his chivalry and sympathy, and, after abusing his patience, generosity, and hospitality for years, they broke up his home, deserted his hearth and heart, and enlisted his enemies to rob him of his property and children.

Fortunately, before this torture and deception at home, added to the bitterness of an adverse political world, had wholly blotted out Shelley's glorious life, Providence gave him a few priceless years of genuine devotion and spiritual sympathy in the faithful and appreciative affection of Mary Godwin. Her sweet and heroic heart, her far deeper insight into the essential realities of life, her spiritual love and intellectual comradeship, sustained with great modesty and courage Shelley's failing health and faith through exile and ostracism, and gathered up at last his broken body, tossed by the storm upon the Italian shores; and then collected for posterity the precious fragments of his life and labor drifting on the shore of Time.

In a touching foot-note to one of his posthumous poems, Mary writes: "Shelley loved the people and respected them, as often more virtuous, and always more suffering, and therefore more deserving of sympathy, than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. With heartfelt compassion he went home to the direct point of injury—that oppression is detestable, as being the parent of

starvation, nakedness, and ignorance. Beside his outpourings of compassion and indignation, he had meant to adorn the cause he loved with loftier poetry of glory and triumph."

Looking to America as the land of hope, he calls "To the West Wind":

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone.

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Dowden says of Shelley that "he saw, as the great fact of the age, *a vast movement toward the Reconstruction of Society*, in which the French Revolution had been a startling incident. It was his desire to rekindle in man the aspiration toward a happier condition of moral and political society, and at the same time warn men of the dangers that arise from their egotisms, greeds, and baser passions. It was his desire to present the true ideal of Revolution—*a natural movement based on moral principle*, inspired by Justice and Charity, unstained by blood, unclouded by turbulence, and using material force only as the tranquil putting forth, in act, of spiritual powers."

His friend Peacock says: "Shelley went continually among the poor, and to the extent of his ability relieved the most urgent cases of distress. He organized his relief into a system, and gave preference to women and children. The wrongs and sufferings of the toiling masses weighed heavily on his spirit."

And it is affirmed of his practical methods of reform that, though his vision of the Future never permitted him to rest at any provisional vantage point, he was exceptionally reasonable in his progressive demands and opposed to violence.

It was as inevitable that tyranny, hypocrisy, and pharisaism should drive two such intrinsically honest, tender, and brave consciences out of the formal temple into the living

Bosom of Deity as it was that they should impugn their motives and deny their inspiration. Keats' good nature and absorption in Beauty enabled him to withdraw quietly and proudly into his inner sanctuary, and so to conflict less obviously or violently with the sacerdotal machine. But the more keen, tense, and sensitively toned humanity of Shelley made his attitude more uncompromising and his protests against cant, cunning, and convention so vehement as to obscure, to the careless and prejudiced, the essential tenderness, humaneness, and Christianity of his altruistic life.

Exceptionally frugal and temperate, wholly devoted to study and to the few friends he could trust, and best of all to Nature and the great souls of history (to whom he felt God had revealed himself), bounding with boyish joy out into the fields for long enthusiastic walks, stopping to caress and play with the young and the innocent, and to relieve and care for the aged and distressed, he was a veritable Good Samaritan, perpetually exhausting his resources of spirit and matter for the benefit of all whom he could uplift. We scarce need the clear testimony of his intimates, that "the devotion, reverence, and religion with which Shelley was kindled" toward the masters to whom God had spoken "knew no bounds," and "his purity, sanctity, and meek seriousness of heart and marvelous gentleness of disposition" became as conspicuous as constant. These are the hallmarks of essential piety and are the "grapes and figs" that are not gathered "on thorns or thistles," but belong to the "pure in heart who see God."

By their *works* we indeed *know* them.

But we must bid these brave elder brothers good-by. Few indeed and brief were the years of their pilgrimage ere they laid down their bright locks in the golden sands and salt waves of that old land of the great saints, poets, and artists, *Mater Italia* ("Mother Italy"), to whose bosom they extended their arms in distress. Keats at twenty-five, Shelley at twenty-nine, driven out by despair, illness, and ostracism from their crabbed English isle, fled to the Eternal City and there "fell on sleep"—and within a few months of each other. But they

had fulfilled their glorious mission, and looked for a more Eternal City, even a Heavenly, coming down adorned as a bridegroom with Eternal Beauty and Eternal Sympathy, whose Builder and Maker is God.

Their sacred lesson was (and will be) caught up by millions of true hearts in every land. All the nineteenth century was quickened by their Sacred Flame, and the Second Millennium has taken the resolution to see their Vision realized. Welcomed with love by kindred spirits in America, and translated and understood by the progressive minds of Europe, they quickened the great poets, humanists, and reformers of Italy, France, Germany, and Russia. They gave a helping impulse to the best writers and statesmen in our own struggle for freedom from slavery—black and white—and even in England aroused and crystallized the best democratic progress, that culminated in such noble lives and labors as those of Kingsley, Maurice, Tennyson, Toynbee, Ruskin, Rossetti, Morris, Burne-Jones, Watts, etc., until to-day we see the new century opening with an International Brotherhood, containing the finest intellectual and spiritual aristocracy of all lands, dedicating themselves and their powers to the same grand Ideal of "a Beauty and a Fraternity" coextensive with this Star that God has intrusted to us.

The artist Seavern, who alone and devotedly nursed and watched by the dying Keats and read with him in their barren little room "The Consolations of Immortality," laid him to rest in the little Roman cemetery, where Shelley was shortly to join him. Mary and Percy Shelley had sent for Keats to let them nurse him in their little cottage by the Italian shore, but he had shyly and delicately shrunk into the grave by himself.

Then, in that sublimest requiem of the English language—written to Keats' memory, under the title "Adonais"—Shelley sang his dead friend's elegy and prepared himself for his own departure, as though in prophetic vision of the Great Sea that was to engulf him in a few brief weeks. The requiem is so exquisite and so immortal that I must gather up its essence in the closing of this tribute:

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendor. . . .

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music. . . .

He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?

No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move, . . .
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst;

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng.

I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

JOHN WARD STIMSON.

Trenton, N. J.

THE MOVEMENT TO RESTRICT CHILD LABOR.

THE slavery of little children in the cotton mills of the South is a deplorable evil, but, unhappily, not a new crime even against modern civilization. Certain mistakes and sins peculiar to industrial development seem to repeat themselves no less persistently than those of political history.

Precisely one hundred and six years ago, there was published by Dr. Aikin of England a little work descriptive of the country and the people around Manchester, a town that even in 1795 had grown to be the manufacturing center of Great Britain. Page after page of this brief but valuable contribution to earlier economic literature reads as if written concerning the Lowell or Fall River operatives of a generation back, or concerning those who this very day are plying spindle and loom in Augusta, Ga., Charlotte, N. C., Columbia, S. C., and Huntsville, Ala.

After pointing out that the sudden invention, within his own day, of machines for the abridgment of labor had already exerted a most surprising influence in extending British trade, as well as calling in hands from all parts, "particularly," he adds, "children for the cotton mills," Dr. Aikin goes on to state that domestic life was seriously endangered by the extensive employment of women and girls in the factories; for ignorance of all household duties had quickly become the rule among them. The old-fashioned economist proceeds: "The females are wholly uninstructed in knitting, sewing, and other domestic affairs requisite to make them frugal wives and mothers. This is a very great misfortune to them and to the public, as is sadly proved by a comparison of the labourers in husbandry and of manufacturers in general. In the former we meet with neatness, cleanliness, and comfort; in the latter with filth, rags, and poverty."

These observations, commonplace reading now but startling enough in that early day of the spinning and weaving mill, may well be supplemented by another English work, "The History of the Factory Movement," in which the author says: "In stench, in heated rooms, amidst the constant whirling of a thousand wheels, little fingers and little feet are kept in ceaseless action, forced into unnatural activity."

Still further to corroborate such testimony regarding this period of England's industrial progress, there are the well-known "Memoirs of Robert Blincoe," the Blue-books at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the letters and speeches of Lord Ashley, afterward famous as that Earl of Shaftesbury who so unfalteringly championed the cause of the English working-people, thus devoting his great powers to preserving the very life-blood of the English nation.

No more authorities need be mentioned, though many others tell the same story of grinding toil, domestic neglect, ultimate disease and deformity, startling mortality, and appalling degradation. The picture of Shaftesbury at the factory gates, in that dead and gone age, watching the despondent, sunken-eyed children issuing forth, scanning pitifully the numerous maimed and distorted forms among them, the unvarying hopelessness of the hollow little faces, cannot be forgotten while a semblance of those conditions exists in any corner of the civilized globe. No one fails to recognize that, even if this man had stood utterly alone in his comprehension and pity of the misery before him, some revolution must have issued from such an hour.

As early as 1802, an act was passed in the British Parliament "for the preservation of the health and morals of apprentices and others employed in cotton and other mills." Here begins the history of legislation restrictive of child labor. The inconsiderable exception of those Russian enactments peculiar in their class, bearing the early dates of 1763 and 1764, which, by protecting to a very slight degree the toiler in general, somewhat shielded childhood also, need scarcely be noted,

since the fact remains unaltered that we must look to England for the most complete and authentic history of child labor and the evils in its train, as well as for a record of the earliest and most effective remedial measures applied to the uprooting of such evils.

When the elder Sir Robert Peel, worthy pioneer of labor legislation, had secured the passage of the act of 1802 ameliorating in a limited sense the condition of child labor in cotton and woollen mills, the most pernicious features of the system disappeared for a time. The hours of work were by the requirements of this bill *reduced* to only twelve per day! They had been fifteen or sixteen. Public sentiment was so deeply stirred that the degrading custom of apprenticing the parish poor, half-witted children, and other incapables, to the mill-owners, had also to be discontinued.

Yet, as contrasted with the existing evils of the day, the results accomplished by this first prohibitive labor legislation must appear to us meager, sorry, unworthy of the originator as well as of the advanced social state of England in general. Children other than apprentices streamed into the factories, and the cottage life of Great Britain shortly began to feel and show the depletion. During the whole of the period from 1800 to 1820, continuing, though in a slightly modified form, to 1840 or 1850, the effects of that merciless system of child labor in the Lancastrian and adjacent mills were shown in the early deaths of the majority of such workers and in the distorted forms of the majority of the survivors. Gibbins, who has faithfully chronicled that period, speaks also of the disastrous effects upon the women and grown-up girls, and goes on to write as follows of the deplorable system:

"A curious inversion of the proper order of things was seen in the domestic economy of the victims of this cheap labour system; for women and girls were superseding men in manufacturing labour, and, in consequence, their husbands had often to attend, in a shiftless, slovenly fashion, to those household duties which mothers and daughters, hard at work in the factories, were unable to fulfill. Worse still, mothers and

fathers in some cases lived upon the killing labour of their little children, by letting them out to hire to manufacturers, who found them cheaper than their parents."

Here is the same sorry story that we have learned by heart from a more modern page in New England's economic and domestic history, and, alas! the same story that is to-day taking living shape in the factory towns of our Southern States, barring such modifications as grow out of a forced concession to the demands of the present era. Indeed, in every nation, age, and section, when a quickly growing industry such as textile manufacturing has gathered to its sudden needs all available labor, calling the woman from hearthstone duties and the child from lessons and play, there is read the same fearful tale, the same inescapable disaster must come in due sequence before the land is shaken into recognition and resistance of the evil. No State's experience seems wholly to save another from having to pass through its own. The emphatic dogma of certain creeds that requires experiential knowledge of sin to precede the perfect joy of regeneration appears to be the prevailing law in this phase of development also.

In England, although Sir Robert Peel's measure of 1802 was soon fought into ineffectiveness by the might of the manufacturers, who were shortly open enough in crowding their foul-smelling torture-places again with young and tender children, yet the public had been aroused, and moreover the fact had been demonstrated, even if feebly, that there was efficacy in restrictive legislation. The strength of the races bound together by Anglo-Saxon traits and traditions has lain preëminently in their recognition of the responsibilities of the future quite as much as the present. The first element to be considered in the race's future is the health—physical, mental, and moral—of the coming generations. When Englishmen began to tell one another, not in Lancaster alone but from end to end of Britain, that the intelligence of the future generations of working-people, bone and sinew of the nation, was being stultified, their bodily powers reduced, and their moral tone lowered by the arduous labors and unclean surroundings

of immature children, it required no prophetic tongue to foretell remedial legislation close at hand.

But, although England to-day enjoys the enviable distinction of having the best regulated factory system in the world, she arrived at this, as she arrives at most things, by slow gradations. Troublous signs and portents in the first third of the nineteenth century hurried Parliament into measures that merely temporized—measures that later were with difficulty displaced by effective and permanent laws. Criminality among the laboring classes showed a frightful increase by the time a generation had worked through the mills, going “blunted in morals and blind in intellect from the sphere of childhood to full political sovereignty.” Next, it was made matter of public information that the manufacturing and mining districts could no longer supply their quota of able-bodied men for the army, while military officials entered constant complaint of the inferior size and strength of the recruits furnished. The cause could not be denied, but unfortunately the remedy required much debate and many experiments.

Champion after champion appeared before Parliament praying that the children of the State be defended. The manufacturers, panoplied in greed and gold, constituted a host difficult to gain ground from; but the righteous cause pressed on step by step. In 1815 Sir Robert Peel again urged the matter with such overwhelming arguments that Parliament was constrained to the appointment of a “Committee of Inquiry” to investigate conditions and make honorable and fair report before the body.

The issue of this investigation was the enactment, in 1819, of a law forbidding the employment of children under nine years of age in factories and limiting the hours of labor of those under sixteen to twelve a day, with one hour and a half taken from this for meals. In 1825 Sir John Cam Hobhouse secured the passage of a measure that went a step further, and, among other provisions, contained a requirement for abridging the hours of labor on Saturdays.

The act of 1831 prohibited night work to all between the

ages of nine and twenty-one—a most important point gained; moreover, it limited the hours of labor of all persons under eighteen years to twelve a day except on Saturdays, when the limit was nine hours.

But it was not until 1833, when Lord Ashley, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury, came to the front as the advocate of protective legislation for the working classes, that sufficiently stringent measures were taken to prevent the decay of England. During his long career, one statutory enactment after another was fought through Parliament, each bringing about some urgently needed modification as regards hours, conditions, and age of factory operatives. When these had culmination in the Ten Hours' bill of 1847, the Minimum Age bill of 1874, and the excellent amendments of these in 1878 and 1891, the necessary bulwark against national decadence might at last be called complete.

Since 1847, no child under thirteen years of age has been allowed to work exceeding five to seven hours a day in English mills, and no person under eighteen exceeding ten hours. In 1874, the age for a full day's work was raised to fourteen years and stringent provisions made for the attendance at school between work periods. The measure of 1878 consolidated and amended all existing laws for the regulation of child labor and provided adequate means for their enforcement. By this measure the employment of children under ten years was totally prohibited, a limit that was in 1891 raised to eleven years. Greatly improved sanitation was also provided for in the 1878 enactment, and adequate safeguards against accidents were set up. Periodic medical certificates were required from all operatives under sixteen years; employees were compelled to obtain weekly certificates proving the necessary school attendance, and a sufficient number of inspectors was demanded to execute the provisions of this comprehensive act.

Such is, in brief, the history of what has come to be called the child-labor movement in England. To follow it at similar length in France, Germany, Russia, Austria, is impossible in a single article. The processes were much the same in all ad-

vanced European nations, and the ultimate results were like those enumerated. The age limit for the beginning of work in textile factories is a year higher in these countries than in Great Britain, but other provisions scarcely average so well. Yet, on the whole, their regulations are so nearly uniform with those of England that we may well leave them for the present and turn to our own country.

In this Western Republic, the introduction of machinery for textile manufactures on a large scale was much later than in England; therefore, the demand for remedial legislation relating to factory workers cannot be traced back to so early a period. But no sooner were the large mills established in New England, early in the last century, than the curse began to be felt. The agile fingers and feet of little children were needed here as in old England; their cheap lives and unaccounted little souls were bartered as readily here as there. They were crowded into the new infernos, and the river towns where the great mills hummed were shortly rich from such barter and sale.

The struggle to rescue the little ones was initiated in Massachusetts about 1830. Six years later an inadequate law for protection was passed; but it was not until 1866 that this strong commonwealth was able to enact the first really effective measure, nor until 1894 that she could write upon her statute-books the law prohibiting children under thirteen years of age from being regularly employed in textile factories. Excellent limitations as to hours and provision for education are now embodied in her code, and to-day the Bay State stands a fair pattern for others in the Union in regard to this most important phase of protective legislation.

Connecticut followed Massachusetts closely in throwing the State's protective arm around her children, New York and Pennsylvania pressing behind Connecticut, and others falling gradually into line, until, at the opening of the twentieth century, twenty-six out of the sisterhood could show statutory enactments of this nature worthy to rank with those of Great Britain.

At present all eyes are turned upon the South Atlantic and Gulf States, to ascertain the results of the movement now being agitated there. As manufacturing reached them tardily, child labor in textile mills was an unknown evil in this section until very recent times. Even fifteen years ago the factories were few, and the half-million spindles, widely scattered, drew mainly cheap adult labor to their service.

The marvelous industrial transformation of the last decade has wrought as great a change in the moral questions bound up with such development. The mills in the South are suddenly reckoned by the hundreds, soon by the thousands, and the people of that section are confronted with the appalling fact that in many of these mills from 20 to 30 per cent. of the operatives are under sixteen years of age, hundreds of them being children of twelve, eleven, ten, and in some cases even younger.

Public feeling has been greatly stirred on this score during the last two or three years, and bills for regulating child labor are now pending before the General Assembly of every cotton-growing State that has also entered cotton manufacturing. Tennessee, a sister of these and, although reckoned chiefly a grain-producing and pastoral State, yet rich in minerals and boasting many large woolen mills, merits particular mention as having already passed an enactment fixing the age of employment of children in factories, mines, and similar places of labor at fourteen years, while Louisiana has for almost a decade restricted the age of girls to fourteen and of boys to twelve.

But kindred measures, though earnestly fought for during last winter's legislative sessions in Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas, were unfortunately lost in each case, adding a new defeat to those of several preceding years. It is on this account that the movement in the South is now attracting an interest so eager and widespread, both at home and in England. The advocates of protection are claiming that a victory is at hand, pointing to the overwhelming gain they had made in each of these four States last winter over the preceding season, and estimating, with sound reason, that a similar gain in the

twelve months ending will put them out of reach of defeat. But the danger is, lest in their optimism they have forgotten with what unparalleled efforts the capitalists and promoters have worked against the measure in the same period.

This, then, is in brief outline the story of the movement to preserve Anglo-Saxon children, and the great countries they stand for, from premature blight and decay. The logic of such a movement needs no exposition, nor can its importance as an element in the maintenance of the economic and moral supremacy of the foremost two nations be overestimated. Yet, again, the ultimate issue in this latest section to face such a crisis requires no seer to foretell. The triumph of right may be still a while delayed; but that it is coming at a more speedy pace to the New South than to New or Old England no one acquainted with conditions will attempt to deny.

LEONORA BECK ELLIS.

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RUSSIA AS A SOCIAL FACTOR.

IN this era, when extreme revolutionary ideas are widely advocated and when plans for moderate social reform that would have been considered revolutionary a decade ago are advocated by conservative people in nearly every walk of life, it is usually expected that some great social change will be brought about as a result of popular agitation—either in the great Anglo-Saxon lands of the United States and Great Britain or in some one of the more progressive European nations. Many look to Germany with hope. They contemplate the fifty-three Socialist members of the German Reichstag, and consider the two and one-half million votes that they represent, and bearing these facts in mind are firmly convinced that the result of organization and agitation of a purely political nature will be that slow constitutional changes will eventually supplant our present chaotic system of commerce and industry by one of design and regulation in production and distribution, and instead of a government by a Kaiser, or a class, give to the people a government that shall be popular to the extent that it will govern and direct industrial enterprise, as well as guarantee political rights and regulate in the field of industry all affairs of production and distribution.

There is, however, one European land that is regarded as hopelessly backward in the march of social progress—which remains plunged in the same dark despotism that prevailed in Egypt, Assyria, or Babylonia. That country is Russia. Yet it frequently occurs in the progress of human thought, and is demonstrated in the pages of history, that great movements for the enlightenment of mankind originate in the most unlooked-for places and in very unexpected ways. Russia is an unknown quantity in the modern social problem; but after a careful study, though the quantity may remain unknown, we may be able to approximate it, and in so doing we may per-

ceive the possibilities of the future's industrial development in an entirely new aspect. A brief sketch of the past and present condition of Russia and a study of the present relation of its government to the country will demonstrate to Englishmen and also to certain Americans—who are prone to look at Russia and Russia's forces through glasses darkly tinted with the shadowy prejudices of Russophobia—that there is a possibility, nay, there is even a hope, that the freedom of the human family may emanate from that dark and unexpected quarter: the tyrannical realm of the Czar.

Retarded by the despotic nature of its government and its comparatively low civilization, which causes rendered the land slightly removed from barbarism, Russia at the beginning of the eighteenth century, after the victory of Poltava in 1709, found herself suddenly in the front rank of European powers in military and political strength, though far behind even many of the most backward in civilization. At the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when no longer menaced by the restlessness of France under the spur of an ambition-crazed Napoleon, Russia found time for a brief period of advancement and civilization. Practically, from the signing of the peace of Paris and the Congress of Vienna in 1815 to the present day, Russia has remained undisturbed in its internal affairs by any serious danger of invasion from external foes.

Compelled by the heavy expenses incidental to the government of a modern European power to impose excessive taxes, the despotic nature of the Russian government prevented at the start that development of large capitalist industry which in other countries had to a certain extent been begun; and there were no mercantile industries to bear the burden of taxation, because the government was one in which the leading merchants had no personal representation and hence could not protect themselves. This being the case, the Russian government was compelled, not having a highly developed form of industry upon which to levy taxes, to go into industry as a government in order to raise revenue, with the result that there are more industrial occupations or government-owned prop-

erties and businesses found in the Russian Empire than in any other land. This public ownership, either direct or indirect, in the form of imperial suzerainty, is evidenced in some of the more recent acts of the Russian government. For instance, the terms of the leases granting gold-mining privileges in Siberia prevent capitalists from obtaining full control. Mr. Pierce, American Chargé d'Affaires in St. Petersburg, in a consular report states that no such franchises are granted for any property for periods of ninety-nine or fifty years, as franchises are frequently granted in America and England, but that the leases giving the franchise are for very limited periods, subject to very stringent regulations, and always contain the proviso that the imperial government can resume operation and occupation at any given time. Before, however, entering upon the industrial ownership phase of Russia's civilization it will probably be necessary to get a general conception of the extent and power of the land and people we are considering.

This great empire covers an area of 8,660,395 square miles—about one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, extending from the Baltic Sea and the Gulf of Finland in western Europe to the Seas of Behring and Okhotsk and Japan in the extreme northeast of Asia, thus forming a broad belt of territory extending across Europe and Asia from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. If we consider its distance from north to south we find that it extends from the frozen Arctic zone to latitude 38° 51' in Armenia, Afghanistan, Persia, and the Himalaya Mountains.

This vast territory has a population of 129,000,000, and contains seventy different races of people, not separated and scattered like those of the British Empire, but contiguous to one another and all living within one homogeneous territory.

All forms of religion are practised, from that of the extreme Christian liberalism (or even absolute agnosticism) of St. Petersburg and Moscow to the superstitious and medieval Catholicity of the muzhik or the most archaic form of image worship as practised by the most ignorant Buddhists and Taoists of Central Asia.

When we consider this area and population we have some vague conception of the *quantity*; still, certain peculiarities connected with it remain unknown, and one of the most striking of these is the fact that the greater part of this vast domain is the property of the government. The gold mines of Siberia, the greater part of the land, the railroads, the distilleries—all are owned by the government of the Czar. The total area of land amounts to 1,098,507,780 acres, and of this about one-half is owned by the State and the imperial family alone. The railroads in Russia extend over 29,855 miles; the government owns 16,414 miles, and chief among these lines is the great continent-embracing Trans-Siberian Railroad.

This railroad, starting from St. Petersburg, extends across two continents—Europe and Asia—and forms a sort of mighty commercial vertebral column for the Russian Empire. This great modern highroad has its eastern terminus on the coast of Asia at Vladivostock, thus connecting the Gulf of Finland and the Atlantic Ocean on the west with the Sea of Japan and the Pacific on the east. Crossing the Ural Mountains near Chelyabinsk, it curves southward till, about one hundred miles eastward of Irkutsk, it reaches Lake Baikal, which it crosses on the ice (a distance of seventy-two miles) in winter and around the southern shore of which it curves in summer, and thence proceeds due east through Manchuria to the Sea of Japan. It is, irrespective of branches, 4,741¾ miles in length, and the cost of its construction amounted to \$175,000,000. Already much of the commerce between European countries and North Central Asia and China, which hitherto was shipped by way of the Indian or Chinese ports and entered Europe *via* the Suez Canal or was carried by caravan over the desert route, which has existed from time immemorial, is beginning to pass over this monstrous modern highroad of commerce. The commercial and industrial possibilities of a government owning such opportunities are simply inconceivable.

Aside from its lands and railroads, the government has the monopoly of spirituous liquors, and in 1899 realized 92,141,000 rubles from the sale thereof. The government also owns the

Siberian gold mines and a large proportion of the oil and naphtha regions situated between the Black and Caspian Seas, and controls the entire system of telegraphs. In 1899 a revenue of 52,875,800 rubles was obtained from mines, posts, and telegraphs alone, and aside from these facts the right of the State to interfere in all capitalist enterprises is asserted by the imposition of a five per cent. tax on all capital invested in the Russian Empire.

When we study these conditions and bear in mind that the government owns half of the public land and all telegraphs and telephones, has a monopoly of spirits, tobacco, and salt, and that the Czar (who, by the way, is the government) owns the gold and silver mines of Siberia,—the output of which is, to a great extent, unknown, as the amount is never mentioned in the imperial budget,—we become convinced that Russia differs from those other countries which in the course of time have already reached an oligarchic plutocracy consisting of a few trusts and syndicates; and in this respect: that she has reached a condition that is a plutocracy, it is true, but a plutocracy with the Czar Nicholas II. as the sole and only plutocrat.

We are now at a point that will bring us nearer to a probable approximation of this great unknown quantity in the social problem. In other lands, before an orderly system of production and distribution can be brought about, classes must be antagonized and governments overthrown; but in Russia it is only necessary to overthrow one man—to dethrone one despot—to introduce the most moderate and modern of civic reforms that have been in practise for centuries in England and America (and since 1848 in most continental European countries), and to bring about, strange to say, by means of a moderate reform, a radical revolution.

How can a reform cause a revolution? it may be asked. Could any reform be more moderate than that of transforming an absolute into a constitutional monarchy? Could a demand be more reasonable than to have a constitutional monarchy—that is, a legislature similar to the Chamber of Deputies of Italy, or the Reichstag of Germany, or the English Parliament

—dividing dominance with the Czar? Such a body would share in the functions of the government, but we must remember that it would become the owner of the public domain, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, gold and silver mines, and in short would be to a very great extent what the Socialists have long been striving for—political and industrial government founded on public ownership.

The history of Russia demonstrates two strange facts: first, that she has lagged far behind other nations in a barbarism almost amounting to absolute savagery, but, second, that at a certain period in her history by one sudden stride she appears to have achieved more progress than that gained by other nations during the gradual evolution of centuries. In the early part of the eighteenth century, under Peter the Great, Russia shook off, within a few brief years, the barbarism and brutality that had beclouded her destiny from the time of Ruric and the first dukes of Moscovy and advanced to the forefront of the then civilized European powers—simply to remain stationary, as far as her political institutions are concerned, ever since. Her government, fashioned after the model of a Louis XIV., a George I., or a Charles XII., remains to the present day a most astonishing anachronism in the midst of other European countries, all of which are enjoying civil liberties gained during the last two centuries.

But the Russia that suddenly changed after Poltava in 1709 may again as suddenly change in the twentieth century. Then barbarism was left behind and civilization achieved within a few brief years; and the people of this modern age may yet be surprised to see that land, governed by the despotic rule of one man, suddenly step forth out of the darkness of archaic despotism into that most progressive form of government which is hoped and struggled for by modern men—social and industrial Democracy. It cannot be that the soil from which has sprung a Dostoevsky, a Korelenko, a Tchernechevsky, a Stepniak, and a Tolstoy can longer remain in politics, and to a great extent in industry, the victim and possession of a single despot. It may be true that the influence of the modern spirit

of liberalism may be, as many assert, confined to the larger cities, such as St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, and Archangel, and their immediate vicinity, and that the vast bulk even of Russia's European population consists of millions of ignorant muzhiks. But was this not the case also in the France of 1789, prior to the outbreak of the revolution—a few cultured philosophers in large cities and hordes of brute-like *sans culottes* in the provinces?

While the attention of men is turned with expectant hope toward England and America, it may happen that a tremendous clarion cry of revolt will be heard from the land of darkness and despotism, and they may turn to behold a mighty Slavic Demos calling in thundering tones upon the children of earth to awake to a nobler and a greater destiny. We of America and England, in the midst of that gradual and tedious *modus operandi* peculiar to our politics, our nominations, conventions, caucuses, public meetings, and legislatures, to which we have become accustomed since the days of Magna Charta, may be astonished to find achieved in one day and by one swift revolution a greater measure of freedom than we have ever dared to dream of. The fable of the hare and the tortoise may be repeated in political and social progress. Who knows but that one step which must soon be made from despotism to constitutional monarchy may not make the greatest and mightiest empire on earth so striking an example of State ownership that all other lands may follow her example, and the social problem be solved in a most unexpected way by the discovery of the true nature of this great unknown quantity? The pages of history are replete with such surprises. Russia lies to the East, and thence all great world-reforms have arisen. It is there that the sun rises.

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THE DIVINE QUEST.

(*Number Two.*)

THE REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH OF THE FIRST CENTURY OF MODERN TIMES.

THE fifteenth century dawned on a civilization still largely under the spell of superstition and ignorance. The Church had risen in secular power. She was ambitious and corrupt. The beautiful religion of life, the love and enthusiasm for righteousness, which marked the early days of Christianity, had gradually waned. The torch of freedom and progress had passed from hand to hand, illuminating the night in various lands as bold, brave iconoclasts spoke the word of God in a night-time of superstition, self-seeking, and worldly ambition, perhaps nowhere sounding more clearly than in England, when Wycliffe raised his voice in religion and William Langland in "Piers Plowman" drew social pictures that, however harmless they may have appeared, were profoundly revolutionary in their influence. Indeed, nowhere in Europe was the spirit of sturdy freedom and growth more clearly evident, nor was the interrogation point more boldly raised than in Great Britain, where such disquieting queries as—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who then was the gentleman?"

passed from lip to lip throughout the length and breadth of the isle and wrought mightily in undermining the fictitious foundations upon which rested feudal authority.

As the student of history approaches the dawn of the fifteenth century, the signs of unrest and growth become more and more manifest. Of Western civilization it might have been said that the sleeper moved restlessly as one who is about to awaken. In the hearts of many men in all ranks of life, from the highest to the lowest, was a deep, unsatisfied yearning for

something higher, broader, and truer than either Church or State had vouchsafed to man—a reaching outward and upward that is the unfailing sign of the approach of a transition period. Multitudinous and complex had been the agencies slowly working to bring about the great fivefold revolution that was about to burst upon Europe and make the first century of Modern Times forever memorable as one of the most luminous epochs in the history of our planet.

Politically, Europe was preparing to substitute centralized government for the feudalistic anarchy that had long rent society and in which baron, lord, and petty chief, king, Church, and small principalities were frequently engaged in warring controversies. Socially, changes potentially as momentous were loosening the old bonds so that the serfs were soon to become measurably free, and the middle class was rapidly to grow in influence.

With the Church the pending revolution was to be even more signal and far-reaching than in the body politic. The changes were doubtless hastened and rendered sweeping by reason of the influence exerted by the great schism in Rome, when, in 1378, the Archbishop of Bari ascended the chair of St. Peter under the title of Urban VI., and the Cardinal of Geneva claimed the same seat, assuming the title of Clement VII., the latter holding his court at Avignon. The spectacle of two heads wearing the tiara, each claiming to be the infallible head of the Church and each launching anathemas and bulls against his rival, came as a rude awakening to hundreds of thousands of Catholics, who for generations had been taught to regard the Pope as not only the holy head of the Church but the vicegerent of God on earth, whose word was infallible. England, Germany, Holland, Hungaria, Bohemia, and the greater part of Italy recognized Urban VI. as the true Pope; while Spain, France, Lorraine, Savoy, and Scotland bowed before the red cap of Clement VII. The foremost scholars and thinkers among the churchmen, feeling that this schism dealt a fatal blow to the faith of the people, took prompt steps to end the church-destroying feud, but to little purpose. The

longer the controversy lasted, the more virulent became the attacks of the warring heads of the Church. Urban VI. was succeeded by Boniface IX., Innocent VI., and Gregory XII.; while the Avignon Pope who succeeded Clement VII. was Benedict XIII. All other measures having failed, a church council was held at Piza in 1409, at which Gregory and Benedict were deposed and Alexander V. was chosen; but as the two former refused to recognize the action of the council, claiming that the Pope was superior to the church council, there was a time when three prelates assumed the papal tiara. Thus the Roman Church was torn by conflicting claims and warring factions until the Council of Constance, in 1417. Nor was this the only undermining influence at work destroying the faith of the people. The great Catholic Doctor Gerson, one of the ablest leaders of the Church and one of the noblest religious thinkers of the period, wrote at this time as follows:

"The court of Rome has created a thousand offices by which to make money, but hardly one for the propagation of virtue. From morning until night there is talk of nothing but armies, lands, towns, and money. Rarely, or rather never, do they speak of chastity, charity, justice, fidelity, or a pure life."

The secularization of the Church had by no means reached its height, but its worldliness was already felt throughout Christendom; while the great schism hastened the revolution that was pending and of which the thoughts and words of Wycliffe and Huss were premonitory signs.

While the churchmen were seeking to unite the warring factions, the scholars among the laity were devoting more time than they had for several generations to physical phenomena, invention, philosophic speculation, and economic ideas, or to art in some of her manifestations. Everywhere there were to be seen signs of an intellectual quickening. As the century approached its meridian, Gutenberg invented printing by movable type, and by thus affording civilization one of the greatest agencies for the rapid dissemination of knowledge contributed in an important degree to the emancipation of the human mind from the double thralldom of ignorance and superstition.

In 1453, when Constantinople fell, the Grecian scholars of the Byzantine empire fled to Italy, carrying with them the marvelous wealth of Grecian philosophy, poetry, and art. The effect of these scholars throughout the peninsula was wonderful. Western Europe, as we have seen, had begun to hunger and thirst for a broader, saner, and more normal life. On the one hand superstition, narrowness, and religious bigotry, and on the other religious lip-service, cloaking a brutal, sensuous materialism, had proved all insufficient for the deep cravings of the human heart. It was not strange, therefore, that the great Italian cities that harbored the Grecian scholars soon became Meccas to which the finest souls of all the nations west and north of Italy journeyed. Nor is it strange that with this new and broader vision of life the smoldering fires that had long been burning suddenly flamed forth in a fivefold revolution—political, artistic, religious, educational, and commercial.

Italy awakened on the artistic side of her life, giving to the world Michael Angelo, Raphael, da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, and other master minds who made this period in the peninsula's history forever the summer-time of earth's greatest art.

West of Italy there was another awakening, but it was more on the material side of life. A great passion for gold, for commercial mastery, for the acquisition of wealth that should give power and ease to its possessors, was everywhere visible. The Jews were despoiled of their wealth under the pretext of religion. The Moors were driven from that marvelous capital which had long been the wonder and glory of Spain. Columbus crossed the sea and gave to Europe a New World. Vasco da Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope to India, and opened up for Portugal the great treasure-house of the Oriental world; while the ships of Magellan circumnavigated the globe.

The news of the presence of great scholars in Italy produced a profound impression north of the Alps. Youths from England, France, and the German States journeyed to the new centers of learning, where brain and soul became aflame with

ethical, religious, and intellectual enthusiasm. The English and German peoples awakened on the moral and intellectual side of life. Oxford became a great center of advanced learning. Colet established the first Latin grammar school, and laid broad and deep the foundations for a humane and popular education that proved to be the forerunner of the great public system of education that has found its most splendid expression in the public schools of the United States. Erasmus wandered over Europe, pleading for a purified and a united Church. What was known as the New Learning was quickly followed by the great Protestant Reformation. And it was at this time, in the very hey-day of this revolutionary epoch, of this period of growth, of enlarged horizons, of life and development, that Sir Thomas More gave the world his marvelous social vision, "Utopia."

It has been necessary to dwell somewhat at length on the wonderful first century of Modern Times, with its fivefold revolution, because it bears an intimate kinship to the great social and political upheavals that marked the closing years of the eighteenth and the opening decades of the nineteenth century, and to the equally momentous social revolution that to-day is making itself more or less clearly felt throughout Europe, America, and Australia.

Lord Macaulay, writing in the first half of the last century and discussing the period of the Protestant Reformation, pointed out the relationship of these two periods in the following words:

"The only event of modern times which can be properly compared with the Reformation is the French Revolution, or, to speak more accurately, that great revolution of political feeling which took place during the eighteenth century, and which obtained in France its most terrible and signal triumph. Each of these memorable events may be described as a rising up of the human reason against a Caste. The one was a struggle of the laity against the clergy for intellectual liberty; the other was a struggle of the people against princes and nobles for political liberty. . . . In both cases the convulsion which had overthrown deeply seated errors shook all the principles

on which society rests to their very foundations. The minds of men were unsettled. It seemed for a time that all order and morality were about to perish with the prejudices with which they had been long and intimately associated. Frightful cruelties were committed. Immense masses of property were confiscated. . . . The feeling of patriotism was, in many parts of Europe, almost wholly extinguished. All the old maxims of foreign policy were changed. Physical boundaries were superseded by moral boundaries. Nations made war on each other with new arms, with arms which no fortifications, however strong by nature or by art, could resist. . . . Europe was divided, as Greece had been divided during the period concerning which Thucydides wrote. The conflict was not, as it is in ordinary times, between state and state, but between two omnipresent factions, each of which was in some places dominant and in other places oppressed, but which, openly or covertly, carried on their strife in the bosom of every society. No man asked whether another belonged to the same country with himself, but whether he belonged to the same sect. Party-spirit seemed to justify and consecrate acts which, in any other times, would have been considered as the foulest of treasons. The French emigrant saw nothing disgraceful in bringing Austrian and Prussian hussars to Paris. The Irish or Italian democrat saw no impropriety in serving the French Directory against his own native government. So, in the sixteenth century, the fury of theological factions suspended all national animosities and jealousies. The Spaniards were invited into France by the League; the English were invited into France by the Huguenots."

The picture drawn by Lord Macaulay would be still truer had he compared the whole revolutionary epoch of the first and second centuries of Modern Times with that of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The New Learning as well as the Reformation; the spread of knowledge by the multiplication of books; the circumnavigation of the globe; the discovery of the New World, with its wealth and wonders; the bringing of Western Europe into intimate touch with the ancient and opulent civilization of the Far East; the promulgation of the Copernican theory; the scientific discoveries and speculations of da Vinci and other daring minds; the rapid multiplication of schools and the movement for popu-

larizing education; the rise of a broad altruistic spirit, which was so marked a feature of the early days of this revolutionary epoch, before the fires of hatred and reactionary influences clouded men's minds—all these were important factors that contributed to the emancipation of mind and body. They were the precursors of the great political revolutionary period of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, even as the latter was in a real sense the precursor of the social and economic revolution now in progress throughout the world.

To those interested in tracing the slow unfoldment of the age-long ideal or dream of a Fraternal State, two events of this wonderful revolutionary epoch that ushered in Modern Times are of special interest. One is the story of the Inca civilization brought to Europe by the priests, soldiers, and scholars who accompanied the conquering Spaniards; the other is the publishing of the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More. The story of the Inca civilization, as described by the conquerors of the ancient Peruvians, reads like one of the fascinating wonder-stories of olden times in the New World. Says Mr. Clements Markham, in his excellent "History of Peru":

"In many respects Peru under the Incas resembled the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. . . . Punishments for crimes were severe and inexorably inflicted. Not a spot of cultivable land was neglected. Towns and villages were built on rocky hills; cemeteries were in deserts or in the sides of barren cliffs, in order that no land might be wasted. Dry wastes were irrigated, and terraces were constructed, sometimes a hundred deep, up the sides of the mountains. The results were commensurate with the thought and skill expended. . . . Provision was made to supply all classes of the people with everything they required that was not produced by themselves, through a system of colonies, or *mitimaes*. Inhabitants of a populous district were removed to a less crowded one, the comfort of all classes was promoted by exchange of products, waste places were made fertile, and political objects were also secured. . . . Under the Inca system all who could work were obliged to work; all lived in comfort, and there was ample provision for the aged, for young and children, and for the sick. Tillers of the ground and shepherds received the share of produce called *Huac*-

cha, and the surplus went to the *mitimaes* in exchange for other products. All other workers were maintained from the share called *Inca*, including the sovereign and his officers, and the army. . . . So perfect was the Inca organization that it continued to work efficiently, and almost mechanically, for some time after the guiding heads had been struck down. The Spanish conquerors found that when they marched through the districts, sacking houses and destroying growing crops, the local officers kept a careful record of the injury done. The accounts were then examined and checked, and if one district had lost more than another those that had suffered less made up part of the difference, so that the burden might be equally shared by all. Under such a system there could be no want, for thought was taken for the nourishment and comfort of every creature. There was hard work, while provision was made not only for rest but also for recreation. The dreams of socialists were made a reality in the system which grew up and flourished under the rule of the Incas."

Mr. Henry Austin, in his valuable work, "A Story of Government," observes that—"The Spanish historians record with grave amazement that they had discovered a miraculous land in which there was no such thing as a poor or discontented man; in which everybody worked, from the Emperor down, a reasonable length of time, at tasks fitted to their strength and their ability; in which the problem of mere living, as it confronts us moderns in our so-called civilized cities, had been satisfactorily settled; in which the average of human happiness was large and increasing."

The story of the Inca civilization, although very wonderful, especially when we consider the primitive character of the people, was scarcely more remarkable than the dream of the Fraternal State which during this period was woven in the loom of the imagination of Sir Thomas More; for the latter was a favorite at the court of Henry VIII., and had been a religious enthusiast, almost an ascetic, in early life. Yet he had come under the influence of the New Learning, while the wonder-stories told by the sailors who had returned from strange new lands stimulated his imagination and broadened his mental horizon perhaps in as positive a way as did Plato,

Cicero, St. Augustine, or other thinkers who had dreamed of ideal republics or cities of God. Certain it is that, being swept into the current of the New Time, he conceived the idea of picturing in story form his ideal of a truer civilization than the world had ever known, hoping in this way to make the contrast between the real and the ideal so vivid as to stimulate men to seek to inaugurate juster conditions. He described Utopia as a wonderful land, where peace, plenty, and fraternity prevailed. Here altruism triumphed over egoism, and the well-being of each was the loving concern of all.

Many of the reforms described by More as being practised by the Utopians, and which men regarded as absurd and visionary in his day and for many generations after his death, are now coming into successful operation or are gaining in public favor. Take, for example, popular education. This was foreshadowed by More, for we are told that in Utopia "every child receives a good education, and thus ignorance—the great cause of lawlessness and wretchedness—is banished." Industrial education was also practised throughout the island. "Husbandry," we are told, "is a science common to them all in general, both men and women, wherein they be all expert and cunning, being instructed from their youth, partly in their schools and partly in the country nigh unto the city, brought up, as it were, in playing, not only beholding the use of it but practising it."

Nor was this all. Besides husbandry, every Utopian was compelled to learn some trade or science as his own special craft, such as "cloth-working in wool or flax, or masonry, or the smith's craft or the carpenter's trade." The child was permitted to select his trade or science, and if he desired to perfect himself in two crafts he was allowed to do so.

The inhabitants of the island were free, joyous, and happy in the possession of ample time for wholesome recreation and the development of all that is best in nature; for in this realm all able-bodied men and women performed a modicum of labor, and this enabled all to enjoy ample leisure for self-culture, recreation, and for following any lines of thought they might

fancy. The present agitation for shorter days of work, for which organized labor is everywhere contending, was anticipated by More; for in Utopia, he tells us, the men worked but "six hours a day," and were therefore "not wearied from early in the morning till late in the evening with continual work, like laboring and toiling beasts." After the six hours were given to daily toil, each person was free to enjoy and improve himself. Public lectures, musical entertainments, and halls where games were played were provided for the people. The six-hour day, we are assured, proved ample for the performance of all necessary work. Indeed, we are informed that "that small time is not only enough, but too much, for the store and abundance of all things that be requisite, either for the necessities or the commodities of life." And by way of explanation the author continues, "The which thing you also shall perceive if you consider how great a part of the people in other countries live idle."

Furthermore, the author of "Utopia" points out that "while in other countries the laborers know they will starve when age comes unless they can scrape some money together, no matter how much the commonwealth in which they live may flourish," in Utopia things are very different; for there "there is no less provision for them that were once laborers, but who are now weak and impotent, than for those who do labor."

The sick also were looked after. At the time when this book was written there were scant provisions for the proper care of even the well-to-do in European nations; but in Utopia we are told that, "first, and chiefly, respect is had to the sick that be carried in the hospitals, for in the circuit of the city, a little without the walls, they have four hospitals, so large and ample that they seem four little towns, made thus commodious that the sick may have a generous allowance of room amid charming surroundings. These hospitals," he tells us, "be so well appointed and with all things necessary to health so well furnished, and moreover they have so diligent attention through continued presence of skilful physicians, that though no man be sent hither against his will, yet, notwithstanding, there is

no sick person in all the city that had not rather lie there than at home in his own house."

Sir Thomas More lived in a time when the war spirit was rampant. The profession of arms was considered the most honorable of occupations; but the great philosopher appreciated the fact that war is one of the most conspicuous survivals of the savage in society, and that the contempt for productive and ennobling trades and callings owes its source to false ideals and base conceptions of the true grandeur of nations. Hence, he tells us that the Utopians "detest and abhor war" as "a thing very beastly," and "they count nothing so much against glory as glory gotten in war." And, though men and women are drilled in the manual of arms that they may defend their fair domain in case of invasion, they discourage war, and when possible avoid the useless and criminal shedding of human blood. In cases where other nations "by cunning or guile defraud" the Utopians, or "when violence is done to their bodies," they wreak their anger by abstaining from trading or carrying on any friendly relations with the offending nation "until satisfaction or restitution is made." If the lives of any Utopians have been sacrificed, the nation is quick to resent it, for citizenship in that country, we are told, is regarded as a sacred trust, to be protected at all hazards, even by war if necessary. But in such cases every effort possible is made to prevent wholesale slaughter of life, even the lives of their foes, for "they be not only sorry but also ashamed to achieve a victory with bloodshed." We further learn that it is a settled policy with the Utopians to kill as few men as possible. Hence, in the event of war they offer enormous rewards to the man who will kill the prince or the king of the people who declare war against them; and large rewards are also offered for the lives of the councilors who, with the ruling monarch, are directly responsible for the appeal to brute force. As may be supposed, this procedure works most effectively in deterring warlike rulers from picking a quarrel with the Utopians, and they are therefore practically immune from war.

The Utopians were far more humane than was Christian

Europe when More wrote his social vision; and thus, while England was "hanging thieves by the score on a single gallows," the Utopians were striving to reform their erring ones and were resorting to the death penalty only in the most extreme cases. In this Commonwealth the people were much given to pleasure, but their pleasures were all of a character calculated to elevate and ennoble. Great freedom also prevailed, and a degree of toleration was accorded the individual that was entirely undreamed of in the Europe of that period.

In the time of Sir Thomas More, as now, gold-madness was enslaving millions, undermining character, and destroying the happiness and comfort of the masses. But among the Utopians we are told that—

"They marvel that gold, which of its own nature is a thing so unprofitable, is now among all people in so high estimation that man himself, by whose yea and for whose use it is so much set by, is in much less estimation than the gold itself. Insomuch as a lumpish blockhead churl, and which hath no more art than an ass, shall have, nevertheless, many wise and good men in subjection and bondage, only for this—because he hath a great heap of gold. . . . They marvel at and detest the madness of them which to those rich men, in whose debt and danger they be not, do give honor for no other consideration but because they be rich."

The Utopian Commonwealth was thrown up in bold relief against the dark, self-absorbed, and in many ways brutal age in which it appeared. Most of its wise, statesmanlike, and humane characteristics and provisions appeared as strange, impractical, and visionary to the age and time in which Sir Thomas More lived—as did the doctrine of a common origin of life, the brotherhood of man, and the Golden Rule seem visionary and impractical to the Jews, Greeks, and Romans at the time of the foundation of the Christian Church. Indeed, "Utopia" was in a large way the carrying into government of ideals grounded and rooted in the basic social truths enunciated by Jesus. It marked a new milestone in the slow and toilsome upward march of humanity.

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INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM.

AN ideal, truly! So much so that we may at present only negatively understand its meaning. We know what it is *not*, but what it *is* in its higher forms of expression we may but dimly imagine. And yet all ideals tend toward realization. All mental conceptions are translatable into physical manifestation. The ideal of to-day becomes the real of to-morrow, while a more exalted ideal offers itself for subsequent translation.

Our present ideal of freedom is undergoing a gradual metamorphosis; and, under the fostering care of the new spirit that has arisen, it is passing through a transformation that bids fair to make its impress deep and abiding. In its higher aspects, the attainment of freedom is essentially and peculiarly an individual work. No one may be more free than his condition permits. Statute laws express the general conditions that already prevail; of themselves, they neither enslave nor liberate. Such laws may retard or accelerate growth, may smooth or clog the path of progress, and may delay or hasten decay. But it is the general social condition that primarily determines the laws, and not the laws that frame the conditions. The conditions are the dominating factors, while the laws have but a reflex influence.

The religions of the day do not dominate society, nor determine its trend or destiny. Society is supreme; and, as the consensus of causes induces it to vibrate one way or another, its religions fluctuate with it. The recent and present developments along religious and theological lines are the effect of general tendencies, and they are results rather than causes. In a progressive age, the forms of religion, politics, and laws are ever behind the times—ever acting as brakes and conservators, and even as safety-valves against undesirable experiments. Society is traveling along far more liberal paths

than its conservative elements are accustomed to, and even the persistent protests of the latter may not more than casually or intermittently delay our gradual but continuous social progress.

As with religion, so is it with politics and the laws. A people have such politics and laws as are suitable, at the time, to their general condition of development—even while the more progressive spirits may light the torches of Truth that show the way to higher conceptions and better conditions. And, although history has concerned itself principally with a few leaders of men, it has always been the condition of the mass that was reflected in the general status, interpretation, and administration of matters religious, political, and legal.

All communities and nations are but aggregates of individuals; and as are the individuals, so must be the nation. The individual is to the nation what the atom is to the individual; and each aggregation expresses a harmony that is in exact correspondence with the general development and harmonies of its constituent parts. Change a law, and it may afford an opportunity for growth; but if the individual is not sufficiently developed he cannot take advantage of what is offered to him. Change the individuals, and the laws will quickly respond to their higher development. The interests of society in general and of the individual in particular are fundamentally identical. What is of disadvantage to society as a whole is detrimental to each of its fragments; and what is essentially beneficial to the individual is of general social value. No change in religious, political, or legal conditions that fails to improve the status of the individual may be of value to society.

The individual and collective movements of the day are correlated branches of the same subject. Not the formulations, systems, or fads of this or that leader, but, in their essentials, the education and development of the one and the many go hand-in-hand. Basically, the individual is all there is to consider; but consideration of his interests may be taken from the varying standpoints of what are broadly known as the New Thought and as Socialism. Not only this, but in a large sense they are supplementary before they become complementary.

Each one remains submerged in the mass, and undistinguishable from others, until he has become sufficiently individualized to think for himself. Then only is he ready to emerge from the mass into the freedom of individuality. Until he is prepared to do his own thinking he must lean upon the thoughts of others; and until he has become a law unto himself he fears the laws that are ostensibly framed for his benefit, and *therefore* obeys them.

As long as the masses do not think, others may only assist and guide them along comprehensive and collective lines, and may offer relief only through such measures as may be represented by changes in the law and its administration. Socialism, as the trend of the times may wisely direct it, will doubtless become the principal affluent of the great current that is leading to Individual Freedom.

As the unit separates itself from the mass by reason of its thought-reliance upon itself, it is apt to assume a position of superiority to the mass with which it previously consorted. Its tendency is to overlook the fact that it is the mass to which it owes its birth, and to forget that it carries such marks of its genealogy as do not permit it effectually to disclaim its ancestry.

As the individualized unit develops its self-reliance, crystallizes its identity, and recognizes its illimitable powers and privileges, it is likely to consider that it has reached the ultimate of method as well as of growth. As it claims to be the I Am and announces its identity with God, its disposition is to cover with the mantle of oblivion the lowly origin of all its exalted claims. The individualized unit, as it comes to sense that there is but One Self, is inclined to imagine that it occupies some special relation to that inclusive Unit. As its higher harmonies place it in correspondence with those who have arrived at a similar advanced development, the individual is apt to assume a position that but serves to replace the earlier conscious separation from the individual by a newly acquired sense of separation from the mass.

Another turn of the spiral of life has been reached, that is

all, while the path still leads upward. The sense of separation lies at the root of all slavery; while the consciousness of essential unity constitutes the vitality of all freedom. Separation involves opposition, contest, and antagonism; and it accentuates what it expresses. But it is this very intensity of inharmony that finally invites its own death-warrant; for its accumulating repulsiveness eventually forces us toward the contrasting harmonies.

The individual can be entirely free only when the mass is free. There can be no separation in reality. No one may separate his life from the life of the race. His vitality must ever come from the common reservoir of life, and the supplies he may appropriate ever bear a constant relation to the measure of his return. Individual freedom is reserved for those who, while exercising their option to live rightly and according to high conceptions of spiritual beauty and opulence, are yet fully conscious of the complete unity of their interests with those of others. They have broken the fetters of isolation and separation, and their lives are consciously directed so as to benefit others equally with themselves. They are still part of the mass, even while they fully retain their consciousness of individuality. They have outgrown fear, and the limitations of others are no longer permitted injuriously to affect them.

The freed individual no longer fears association or organization. The tendency toward slavery and creed that was suggested and subtly promoted through these agencies no longer reaches him. He is impervious to the suggestions they formerly carried with them, and such antiquated weapons no longer make any impression upon him. All is Good, and association or organization carries with it the exact degree of good that its members bring to it. In its enlarged consciousness, the freed soul ever unifies and combines. It senses the essential good in both the individual and collective methods of education and social development, and looks from the combined point of view of the individual part and the collective whole.

The freedom of the individual involves a comprehensiveness and universality that sense from multitudinous directions and

by numerous contrasting lights. From its loftier altitude it senses the points of contact, and it becomes aware that separation is merely the shadow that serves to bring into greater prominence the light of unity. The deeper the shadow of seeming separation, the more prominent is the reality of unity; and the Freed Individual places the shadow behind him in turning his face ever toward the light.

EUGENE DEL MAR.

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THE CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD.

ABOUT eighteen miles northwest of Tacoma, Wash., at the head of Carr's Inlet, is the village of Burley, founded and supported by The Coöperative Brotherhood, a fraternal organization with members all over the United States and Canada. It consists of resident and non-resident members, the latter paying one dollar a month dues until one hundred and twenty-five dollars are paid. After a member has paid the admission fee of five dollars and twelve months' dues, either monthly or in a lump sum, should accident or illness incapacitate him for work, the Brotherhood houses and supports such member and his dependents in one of its colonies; and should the member die after such payment, the dependents are cared for as long as they elect to live in the colony, thus furnishing a novel accident and life insurance.

In the ordinary course of affairs, members obtain residence only after the expiration of ten years; but many come in before, being called because the work they can do is specially needed. When once a resident, dues cease, and one is expected to do such work as lies within his or her power.

The Hon. Charles E. Buell, secretary of the United States Special Commission to Puerto Rico, in his pamphlet on "The Industrial Outlook of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands," devotes several pages to a description of the Co-operative Brotherhood and its settlement at Burley. He writes: "With such organized industries to take care of all the surplus labor of our country, the people will be raised to a higher level. Every one can be employed and business will be better and more stable." And again: "It would be a goodly inheritance to leave to a family to have them joined to such an organization, where they would be secure against want. An individual could belong to several separate organizations like the one at Burley, and could proceed from one to another under suitable regulations."

Burley is the first of many settlements, and was placed on Puget Sound to secure free transportation and good land within the means of the members to purchase. A tract of some three hundred acres of alder bottom along Burley Creek, in Kitsap County, was obtained. To this place came persons of all religious beliefs and non-beliefs and of various nationalities. Work was begun in the way of clearing about three years ago. To-day there are twenty acres of land cleared and planted, and thirty acres more partially cleared. The land is paid for within five hundred dollars. A saw-mill, shingle-mill, and wood-turning and broom-handle plant have been bought and paid for. Twenty-five houses have been built, and other buildings, lodging, a coöperative kitchen, dining-room, and laundry have been erected. A weekly paper, *The Coöperator*, is published, and many improvements have been made.

About one hundred and twenty men, women, and children are resident at Burley, all working except the children under fourteen. Here is a village, with no saloon, no sectarian church, no money, and no competitive stores, managed by the people themselves through a board of directors. Here is the beginning of a new civilization, free from the evils of the old, which is to make actual the ideal proposed in Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

In Burley no wages are paid; the tools, the machines, the lands, the improvements, the cattle and horses, and the wealth produced belong to the whole Brotherhood. Each family is allowed a house, not to be alienated while the family remains at Burley. Here is no anxiety about rent, about work for to-morrow, about sickness or old age, or about the fate of the family when the breadwinner dies.

The property is held in trust by a board of twelve trustees, three of whom are elected annually by a vote of the whole membership. The work done is farming and manufacturing lumber, shingles, and cigars. Every one works who is able.

A certain percentage, decided on by the board of directors at each monthly meeting, is set aside from the earnings of the preceding month and divided among the workers *pro rata*,

according to the number of hours they have worked during the month. This is given in the form of credit checks redeemable at the store, dining-room, laundry, or for work needed from other members; any balance remaining is paid in cash, thirty days from date of issuance.

At the store and dining-room, dairy, etc., everything is furnished at cost price; for instance, milk at one and a half cents a quart and meals at five cents.

The members of the Coöperative Brotherhood, undeterred by the alleged sad fate of similar enterprises, are pressing forward with every prospect of success. Their location is a good one, their lives industrious and peaceful; and it is expected soon to have other settlements in various States, which can exchange products with one another—in some places engaged in distribution and in others in production.

The problem of how workers with but small means can own land and machinery, and thus the whole product of their labor, has been solved, for the Coöperative Brotherhood may engage in *any* productive enterprise that commends itself. And this problem is the most important now before the world. Where the worker owns the land on which the factory is built, and the machines that do the work, he is his own master. Strikes will be an impossibility; poverty and its accompaniments, vice and crime, will to a large extent disappear; short hours of work will prevail; time will be given for intellectual improvement, ethical culture, the development of noble character, and the cultivation of the arts.

As these settlements multiply, many will be made happy who are now miserable; they will be lifted out of poverty and will learn to live together as brothers and sisters—which coöperation is unmistakably the all-important factor in social progress. Each settlement will be an object-lesson illustrating the value of coöperation—a training school to prepare for the proper use of the coming social order; and the dreams of reformers will take actual shape as facts, bringing in a new civilization.

W. E. COPELAND.

Burley, Wash.

A CONVERSATION

WITH

GEORGE F. WASHBURN,
General Manager of the People's Trust of America,

ON

HOW TO MEET THE TRUST PROBLEM THROUGH
CO-OPERATION.

Q. Mr. Washburn, I desire to obtain for our readers your views on coöperation and your ideas of the most feasible plan rapidly and successfully to promote the coöperative movements in the United States. Prof. Frank Parsons on his return from Europe a short time ago expressed his amazement at the gigantic proportions of the coöperative movement in the Old World, especially in Great Britain, Switzerland, and Denmark. He is convinced that coöperation is the most important economic problem before the wealth-creators of America, in that it offers a peaceable solution of conditions that will otherwise result in the virtual slavery of the wealth-creators or in a revolution, while it will also hasten the advent of the Fraternal State. You have also returned from extended tours through the Old World, made largely, I believe, for the purpose of carefully investigating coöperation. Will you tell us what were your impressions and conclusions, based on your observations?

A. I consider the Coöperative principle of industrial effort as the ideal one for all progressive States. Viewing the present system simply as a stage of man's economic and social journey, and hence in comparison with all that has gone before, we may tolerate, as perishable ills, its glaring inequality, its gross injustice, its criminal wastefulness, and its other major and minor

wrongs, and stamp it as a distinct advance over the past. And thus, while devising means to protect ourselves from the monsters of human greed that it has latterly generated, we may press forward, with optimistic heart, to the broader economic plane that lies beyond.

Coöperation, of necessity sporadic in its outcroppings, has been handicapped, always, in its efforts to secure a firm foothold upon the planet. It has had to face, everywhere, the colossal existing order, intrenched by centuries of tradition and usage, and the autocratic element in mankind fostered by it. Supplement these tremendous factors by the mistakes inseparable from the introduction of a new system, and the wonder is, not that Coöperation is not dominant to-day, but that it has the faintest holding-ground anywhere on earth.

And yet, despite these formidable obstacles and the consequent lapsing here and there of isolated ventures, the great cause of Industrial Coöperation has marched on and on, until it has compelled recognition and respect from an unwilling and hostile commercial world. An aggregate annual business to-day exceeding two billions of dollars crystallizes the luminous story into pithy, pointed, incisive figures.

Consider for a moment the immensity of such a business as this! Two thousand million dollars a year! Why, there is no other single trade interest on earth—unless it be such aggregated interests as the greatest trusts and the railroads—that equals it! And all this has sprung from the germ planted by a score of English weavers a little more than fifty years ago! These toil-worn workers “got together” and purchased their food supplies in common, their only means of transportation to the distributing shanty depot being a single wheelbarrow! To-day the shanty has expanded into great commercial warehouses and the wheelbarrow into the largest railroad trains and great ocean steamships. And this whole marvel of concerted effort and accomplishment comes within the compass of less than two generations—the bulk of it wrought within the last decade!

And how has all this been brought about? By the efforts

of the apostles of the new dispensation to eliminate *selfishness* from mankind? No; too wise were they to essay so hopeless a task. On the contrary, they proceeded to utilize this very element—seemingly so incongruous, so adverse—as a potent force in the great cause of industrial emancipation. To transmute the barbaric into the enlightened, and especially in the realm of *self*, seems indeed a giant undertaking. Yet it is being done every day—and increasingly—by coöperative workers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Contrary to what seems to be the usual order of progress, the Old World has made far greater advances in coöperative enterprise than the New. With its older civilization, and its consequent firmer settlement in beaten paths, especially those of material concern, we should naturally have looked to Europe for an impeding conservatism, rather than a radical stimulus, in this field also, which would have allowed the younger and less trammelled America easily to forge ahead. But the reverse of this is the case. Both in Great Britain and on the Continent, industrial (and especially mercantile) co-operation shows a volume and a power astounding to every thinking American made cognizant of the facts.

What is distinctively known on the island of Great Britain (in England, Scotland, and Wales) as the Rochdale System of Coöperation does an aggregate annual business of nearly four hundred million dollars. Its assets amount to more than seventy-five millions of dollars, and its annual dividends to members are over forty-five millions. The heads of two million families are regular members and patrons, making nearly ten million people directly provided for through its agency. The Association owns and conducts three thousand retail stores, the largest two wholesale stores in the world, some of its largest factories, and eight ocean steamships. It maintains commercial agencies in all the great markets and buys more goods than any other concern engaged in general mercantile business on earth. It has reduced the average cost of transporting goods from the producer to the consumer from 33½ per cent. to 6½ per cent. In addition to all this it conducts

great systems of banking, building, fire, life, and accident insurance, education, recreation, and social enjoyment.

In Denmark the 162,000 members, with their families, represent one-quarter of the population, and largely control the chief staples of the country—butter, eggs, and bacon.

Germany shows an aggregate of ten million patrons, and little Switzerland, with its three million population, has no less than 3,400 coöperative societies, one-sixth of all its population being coöperators.

In Belgium, Holland, and Italy, from one-eighth to one-fifth of the entire population are members of coöperative enterprises.

These facts and figures are impressive. They constitute a striking object-lesson in industrial economics. They challenge the progressive thought of the whole world of trade. To the earnest co-workers in the American field they will promote emulation and act as an incentive to greater efforts in this broad realm of endeavor. The domestic situation is as follows:

In Lewiston, Maine, we are now doing over \$600,000 a year. Lawrence shows nearly half a million, Lowell \$200,000. The Western Coöperative Association, although less than a year old, controls almost the entire business of Trenton, Missouri, and now threatens to revolutionize Kansas and other Western States. California has fifty Rochdale coöperative stores, and the aggregate in the country is over three hundred.

This exhibit of our home field, *per se*, is encouraging, but it is not *inspiring*. How to imbue the movement here with the nervous, aggressive spirit of the Republic, so manifest in other lines of effort, is the problem that confronts us.

My own idea is, first, a business union of all live Coöperative mercantile enterprises in each State. Second, the uniting of these several State institutions in a grand National Coöperative Association—this latter to be at first purely *fraternal*, and later, if found feasible, made the business head of the whole.

Third, through this National Association, I would enlist a vigorous, clear-headed propaganda, bringing to bear the illum-

inating power of both tongue and pen in exposition of the co-operative idea. I would appeal to that fundamental instinct in man's nature, the instinct of self-preservation, and show by logical reasoning how vital a part it is made to play in the industrial economics of the time. I would show, further, that this very instinct, of all others, should lead men to sustain the coöperative principle in practise, that they may not become the physical victims of the narrow existing order, with its ever-increasing pressure upon the individual.

Such a crusade as this, led on the part of the *Pen* by the alert and masterful ARENA, and on the part of the *Tongue* by an American *Grounlund*, and emphasized by the logic of events in the shape of a grand object-lesson of *Applied Coöperation* (like that of the Western Coöperative Association, established by Mr. Walter Vrooman), such a crusade might well supply the needed stimulus in this great cause and make it, in the near future, the dominating industrial power of the Western world.

Q. What were your impressions and conclusions during your tour abroad concerning coöperation?

A. In looking over the European coöperative field, I was first of all profoundly impressed by its *extent*. It was impossible for me to account for this—that is, carrying in mind its much smaller proportions in the United States. Had the field been that of Music, of Architecture, or of any other branch of the broad domain of Art, it would have readily explained itself in the maturer age of the communities. But in the material concerns of life, and especially in one of vital moment such as this, to find the Old World also in advance of the New was indeed a revelation. And in spite of national pride the paramount feeling with me was one of rejoicing at the fact of this progress—far greater than I even imagined before going abroad the first time.

Close inspection of the *modus operandi*, however, convinced me that it requires some important modifications to adapt it to our industrial soil. Its conduct would indeed seem plodding to the active, nervous American mind and hand. Given

the strong footing here that coöperation has already gained in Europe, plus the usual Yankee energy, persistency, and fertility of resource, and the volume of trade would promptly show a wonderful advance over even the imposing figures cited above.

This is not said in disparagement. Far from it. Our European brothers are entitled to unmeasured credit and congratulation. Their great achievement in the cause is freighted with the greatest possible encouragement for us, who with this inspiring illustration should bend our best energies to the task—gigantic, indeed—of emancipating industrial America!

Q. You believe, I think, that the age of competition is well-nigh over, and that nothing can stay the triumphant march of combination and coöperation. Will you state what facts lead you to this conclusion?

A. That the age of competition is fast passing away is shown by the radical change in business methods within the last decade. The absorption of small by large concerns has been the central feature of this change, and latterly this process has expanded into the "getting together" of great corporations in the form of "trusts." This has meant the destruction of all competition in many lines of business; and a striking example of such destruction of competition was that of the Standard Oil Company of this country and the oil magnates of the Old World, who, after a protracted struggle for European supremacy, sat down together and complacently established universal dominion by dividing the planet between them! There was surely no "consent of the governed" in that audacious deal!

The passing of Competition and the entrance upon the economic stage of Combination and Coöperation are also plainly foreshadowed by the increasing intensity of the struggle for existence among the medium and small concerns. No less than 92 per cent. of the 12,027 failures in the United States and Canada last year were of concerns with less than \$5,000 capital. It is said that Benjamin Franklin declared to his brother "rebels" of the Revolutionary days, "If we don't hang *together*

we'll surely hang separately!" So, if these concerns (or those of them that escape mutual slaughter) do not *get and hang together*, they will surely be *swallowed separately* by the Trust cormorants, ready at any moment to swoop down upon them from the commercial eyrie. In either case it means the death of Competition.

Q. Do you believe America is ripe for coöperative movements?

A. I certainly do, and on a large scale. It is virtually a necessity of the situation. The increasing number and magnitude of trade combinations, where the results go to the few, will compel recourse to coöperative combinations as a popular counterpoise. Under existing conditions I am persuaded that coöperation would rapidly spread even if no special concerted effort was made, but with the aid of great combinations it will grow with astounding rapidity. The spirit is abroad, and coöperation may become epidemic at any time.

Q. Will you outline your plan for coöperative associations?

A. As a substitute for the chaotic struggle in the competitive shambles, I submit the progressive yet *conservative*, the venturesome yet *substantial*, the radical yet *rational*, the brotherly yet *business* system of *Coöperative Combination*.

The one I have adopted and shall employ in the coöperative movement under my direction includes the following four essentials:

- First—The Merger Plan;
- Second—The Operating Plan;
- Third—The Coöperating Plan; and
- Fourth—The Distributing Plan.

Under the *Merger Plan* we combine in an arcade, or otherwise, all the stores we can absorb in a locality.

Under the *Operating Plan* we modernize and transform these stores into veritable beehives under the supervision of a staff of mercantile experts.

Under the *Coöperating Plan* we unite the energy and good

will of a mass of patrons and employees mutually to work together for the common good.

Under the *Distributing Plan* we purchase merchandise in large quantities direct from the manufacturer and distribute it along the chain of arcades, at prices that will meet competition and afford a profit to stockholders, patrons, and employees.

And just as we modernize *methods*, so also do we modernize *men*. The world is full of men who can make brilliant successes when directed by *others* but who are positive failures when in business for themselves. Possessing both ability and experience, they need but to be made a part of a great mercantile machine to score achievement in their lines. We identify them with a money-making plan, and they are imbued with courage and zeal by it.

This is proved by the department stores. The men who run them, and *succeed*, were, in the main, former *failures*. These former proprietors will become managers of their departments and joint directors of the combined enterprise. In joint counsel there is wisdom. The friction of mind upon mind sharpens the intellectual faculties of all. Each seeks to excel and is spurred by mental contact to friendly rivalry, energy, and originality of thought and action—arousing an ambition that compels success. Under expert management these men move as one man.

This movement will be a blessing to its *patrons*, because it will supply them with everything used in the household at the lowest market prices, as well as insuring them a share in the profits of the entire business. It will be a blessing to the *stockholders*, because it will afford them a safe and profitable investment in their own locality, where they can watch with interest and pride the development of a new and great trade movement. It will be a blessing to the *dealers* whom we absorb, because it will relieve them from the mental pressure of impending ruin and start them on a successful career, by transferring them from the realm of disaster to that of safety. It will be a blessing to the *employees*, because they will get better pay, a share in the profits, with the hope of reward by promotion for intelli-

gent, faithful service; and because, under wise and skilled management, they will secure a rigid business training, worth more to many of them than a college education.

And now a word in prospective. Judging from the pronounced success of Mr. Walter Vrooman's Western Coöperative Association, in so rapidly acquiring valuable properties and combining them into a general coöperative plan, this phase of the question has already been tested and solved. *We know*, to-day, that merchants are ready to enter the Coöperative field, provided some assurance, or—better—proof of the requisite earning capacity of the new enterprise under the new conditions, can be given.

I believe it will become necessary, as a practical way to meet this and other questions and to show the workings and promote the general cause of Coöperation, to create in the East or West a working model, combining all the advantages of the system—one strictly up-to-date in character and progressive in spirit: in a word, a Twentieth Century success, that men can *see* and then duplicate.

I believe that such an exhibition test will be made in the near future. To my view, based upon my own experience, the best promise of success lies in the Arcade plan of bringing several stores of different lines under one roof. It is both attractive and convenient. As all the stores front upon the central corridor, the lines between them are distinctly drawn, and still they are all rendered readily accessible. It is a far more advantageous grouping than obtains in the average department store as now conducted. By this arrangement, the advertising of one store helps all the rest because the purchaser is likely to visit them all, especially as the group covers all the articles of household need. The business is more compact, centralized, facilitated, economized.

It is my belief, also, that not only will merchants thus combine to *sell*, but that some new plan will be devised, enabling patrons more effectively to combine to *buy*. The existing purchasing associations may well be used as a base for the new departure in the interest of the patrons. The two working to-

gether may constitute the new conditions upon which successful coöperation is to be founded.

However, to give the Coöperative movement in America the impetus and momentum its vital character deserves, it will be necessary for Mr. Vrooman or some one else to demonstrate this important requisite; namely, its ability to compete with existing establishments and yet award its patrons a share of the profits, as an incentive to their practical zeal. This accomplished, with the strong backing that should come from the agencies already named, the Coöperative movement would spread like a prairie fire over all the land.

SAVED BY A PANTHER.

A NEW ZEALAND EPISODE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

During an eventful residence in a lonely section of New Zealand, I was often exposed to dangers and privations comparatively unknown to thickly populated districts. It was during the summer of 1894 that my work as an electrical engineer carried me frequently along the lonely road between the city of Christchurch and the romantic seaport of Lyttleton, where ships arrive from all parts of the world.

I well remember one very dark night close to Christmastide, which is our midsummer. I was traveling along my accustomed route about 11 o'clock when I encountered a pair of ruffians evidently intent on plunder. I had no great amount of money with me, nor was I wearing much jewelry; still it was far from my intention to surrender even the smallest fraction of my possessions without a struggle. But one against two is not an even combat, especially when the attacked individual is unarmed and his opponents are provided with loaded musketry.

I have never seen beforehand how I could escape from the many perils with which I have been frequently surrounded in the course of an eventful and, I may add, tragic career; but escape has always been my portion, and invariably through the instrumentality of some four-footed creature.

On this eventful night I thought that at last my hour had come, and that I, *Felis Cinnamon*, was at length beyond the reach of any rescuing paw. The two desperadoes (for such they certainly were) indulged in the usual cry of "Hands up!" But my hands remained down, and, though the breath of the two burly men was on my cheek and their pistols shone faintly

in the fickle light of the weak, uncertain moon, which seemed striving ineffectually to pierce the dense clouds that overhung the barren moor, I felt no sense of fear. "Even if I *am* shot," thought I, "I am not a malefactor;" and, as my past career seemed to float before my mental vision in a vivid succession of kaleidoscopic tableaux, I heard myself ejaculate spontaneously in a calm, clear voice, "*What next, I wonder?*" These words came through my lips as easily and distinctly as if I were a party to a huge joke, and in no danger whatever from my mock assailants. My sensations in that intensely critical moment I can never fathom. I was serenely self-composed and strangely non-resistant. I would neither yield nor fight, but I stood as one physically paralyzed, though my brain was intensely active.

Suddenly, as I pronounced the talismanic words that sounded in my ears as but the tritest commonplace, a terrific yell sounded over the moor and I beheld two gleaming eyes shining like stars at midnight; and before I had time to think both my assailants were prostrate on the earth, uttering frantic shrieks of pain and terror. A large black panther, closely resembling an enormous cat, had fastened its savage claws into the shoulders of both my assailants. The animal had sprung upon them from behind the moment I had uttered my spontaneous cry, which seemed to have issued from my lips quite mechanically and unreasoningly. Though the furious beast was close beside me I felt no danger from its presence; on the contrary, I experienced a delightful sensation of mingled triumph, confidence, and rest. The panther was my friend and rescuer—that I could feel; but why the terrific animal should work so desperately and effectively in my service I could not imagine.

I continued to stand as one petrified; I was motionless but not cold, still able to think intensely but incapable of the slightest physical movement. I could only watch my animal friend and behold his absolute victory over my relentless persecutors. Both men were stretched bleeding on the earth, their garments torn, their flesh mangled, and the panther was now

sitting astride them looking me full in the face with a strange sardonic expression on its countenance, but evidently with no intention of molesting me. On the contrary, I almost thought I could detect a cynical smile on the face of my strange protector, which was after all only a very large pussy undomesticated.

Standing thus, thinking clearly and observing intently with a quickened faculty of perception, a strange memory of the past returned to me. Why was I named *Felis*? My father had been long a cattle rancher before he met my gifted mother, whom he found alone and desolate and in sore distress in Queensland, for she had been deserted by all her family and left to starve in those awful days in Australia when greed for gold overwhelmed every finer feeling and perverted men ordinarily possessed of wholesome feelings into fiends of avarice. My mother was an ardent lover of animals. In her native England she had from early girlhood been a prominent worker in humane societies, and many were the poor animals she had rescued from suffering and lovingly tended in their hours of pain. My father fell in love on sight with this beautiful woman, and married her immediately they had both reached Brisbane. Their married life was full of happiness, but there was an uncanny element in my mother's nature—at least from the viewpoint of my intensely practical father, who, though a tender-hearted and sincerely religious man, had a rooted objection, inspired chiefly by fear, to all that bordered on the unusual or the magical.

My mother's companion for many years was a magnificent female panther, which lived with her in the Australian bush while my father was often compelled to be away several miles from their humble home attending to the arduous duties of his Station. Whenever my father returned the panther disappeared, but within five minutes of his departure on another journey, no matter how long he had remained at home, the panther returned and kept my mother company—and on one occasion she brought a kitten with her. I was born during the panther episode, and one of my earliest recollections was the sight of my dear mother accompanied by a huge black

cat with which she was evidently on terms of intimate friendship.

Before I was old enough to reason clearly we removed to New Zealand, and prior to our departure I beheld my mother weeping bitterly as she bade farewell to her faithful four-footed comrade. In New Zealand our life was far less lonely than it had been in Australia, and as my father was nearly always at home in our new dwelling my mother expressed no unusual fondness for animals beyond evincing great attachment to all the neighborhood's cats, which seemed drawn to her as needles to a magnet.

My dear mother bade farewell to earth when I was less than seven (I was twenty-three at the time of my wild adventure), and with her dying lips pressed close to mine she said: "Felis, my darling child, your name is your talisman; but wear this token always about your person." Having seen me attach the locket she gave me to the inside of my jacket, she smiled serenely and handed me a letter, saying, "Your dear father will read this to you in due season." Then she expired. We buried her remains in the beautiful country we had learned to love devotedly, and many strange stories were soon told concerning a panther that visited her body's resting-place.

These tales my father utterly discredited, as there were no traces of depredation in the neighborhood, till one morning he and I went together to place fresh flowers on the grassy mound erected in my mother's honor. There we discovered distinct traces of a large animal's four feet, but not a spear of grass had been molested nor had a flower been harmed. Soon after this my father joined the great unseen majority, and I was left an orphan in the charge of kind friends who had almost idolized my singularly attractive mother and to whom my father had greatly endeared himself by continual probity and extreme generosity.

As I stood on the lonely moor watching the blazing eyes of the majestic panther that was still keeping guard over the two prostrate forms, which were by this time utterly subdued and apparently soundly sleeping, I discovered that the

beautiful but ferocious animal was not the only friend to whom I was indebted for my seemingly miraculous deliverance. A handsome young man of impressive bearing suddenly stepped out from behind a clump of trees, and, addressing the panther, said to the vigilant but recumbent animal: "Now, Castor, you have done your duty; let the miscreants recover." The young man then turned gracefully to me and said:

"Those two fellows will sleep on for days in this solitude, and then be led off to lead a nobler life than they have ever dreamed of leading previously; but you, my good sir, must make my acquaintance as well as Castor's, for both myself and my four-footed attendant have had reason to be grateful to your dear mother, without whose kindly care we both should have long ago perished. As you have probably already learned, New Zealand contains a number of young men and women who have been brought up with the animals of the forest, and these know how faithful and compassionate even a panther, if kindly treated, may be found. I was left to starve in infancy, and your mother's favorite panther quickly adopted me. One day she led me to your mother, who soon provided me with a good human nurse and cared for my every want as only a devoted mother could.

"But I know you are being devoured with curiosity concerning the panther that has just rendered so signal a service to the community of these parts, as well as to you and to me personally, by vanquishing two dangerous reprobates who have long been the terror of this neighborhood. Australasia has always highly glorified those animal trainers who through a judicious combination of firmness and gentleness have succeeded in bringing bears into submission till the bruin family has furnished delightful entertainment for theater-goers in all the Australasian cities; but the panther, it is usually supposed, is far more difficult to tame. My own experience has been that all animals can be subdued by *love*, and I am by instinct an animal lover. When I was a tiny child I rescued many a dog and many a cat from cruel treatment and starvation, and

long before I wore trousers I was an assistant to the chief keeper in one of the largest zoological gardens in Europe.

"This panther, to which you owe such deep gratitude, was brought up partly by me but chiefly by its own mother, who was your mother's special pet and the safeguard of her home and person during your father's many enforced absences. You will no doubt wonder why you were so strangely quiet and transfixed with your eyes riveted to the earth while the panther was getting in some of his finest work. I can enlighten you on that matter only by revealing the part I personally played in the transaction. My panther and I are extremely sympathetic; the animal's keen scent has never been beclouded, and when he knows there is need for his ferocity he can be as ferocious as the fiercest of his tribe, but usually he is quite docile, and with me he is as faithful and affectionate as a noble dog.

"I am in a measure clairvoyant; at any rate I have a singularly keen perception of impending danger to my fellow-beings, and it is often my happy province to avert it. When I was resting peacefully in my tent near here among the woods, I felt that there was instant need to arouse my four-footed companion to protect a traveler who was being waylaid. I at once proceeded to awaken my panther, which had been sleeping soundly, or so I thought, just outside my tent a few minutes earlier; but I found he was now becoming restless and snarling ominously. I distinctly saw you in the haze of this midnight and realized the predicament you were in. I know something of hypnotism and still more of practical psychology, which includes the practise of simple mental suggestion; so I said to you, 'Stand still; do not stir; a friend will fight the battle for you.' These words I addressed to your subconsciousness, while your rescuer was bounding to the spot where the ruffians were attacking you.

"My panther's instinct has been developed through years of special training till it is now quite supernormal, and I am convinced he detected in you the son of the woman who was his mother's dearest friend and to whom he was presented by

that mother when he was a mere kitten. I have always known of you, though I and my panther have wandered in many lands and over many seas. We have exhibited together in most of the great capitals of Europe, but we always love to return to our sequestered shelter in this beautiful New Zealand, which all travelers are wont to designate 'the Paradise of the Pacific.'

"I will now, if you are willing, introduce you to our home; but first I wish to assure you that the two wicked men who threatened to rob and possibly murder you have not been killed but only thoroughly scared, and, what is more, they are even at this moment awaiting in a state of stupefaction the arrival of messengers from a good reformatory, who will take them in charge and seek by all possible means at present known to science to convert them to industry and sobriety."

While my new-found friend had been speaking I had been strangely conscious of some mystic tie between us; so that, when, on entering his humble but comfortable cabin in the woods, I saw a large oil painting of my mother, with a fine panther at her feet, covering one whole side of the wall, I was scarcely astonished. "Ah," said he, when I importuned him for fuller information, "a real kindness, which truly blesses a recipient, is never really forgotten. Animals are grateful, and so are men, but there is much mistaken kindness in the world and we reap heartrending ingratitude therefrom; at least such has been my experience, and such is the teaching of the fraternity to which I belong. Now, come and see your preserver."

Outside the cabin, in the thickest of the wood, reclined the great black cat to which, humanly speaking, I owed my life at that instant. My new friend stroked the animal, patted and caressed it, and then introduced the great sleek creature to me just as I introduce a favorite dog to a new acquaintance. It may have been but my imagination heightened by the nerve-straining experience I had so lately undergone, but it surely seemed to me that the panther smiled lovingly and compassionately and looked straight into my eyes, as if, had he been

the possessor of a human tongue, he would have said, "I know you, and I love you for your mother's sake, and am glad to have been privileged to serve you."

To whatever my fancies may be attributed, I know that the adventure of that dark night in New Zealand will never escape my memory; and now that several years have sped their eventful course, and I am the occupant of what the world is pleased to denominate high station, I devote a portion of my wealth and influence toward making bipeds and quadrupeds understand each other better.

I have seen my human friend many times since the night of my weird adventure, and once again have I beheld the panther that knew me and caressed me after fully four years of absence. I have also often seen the two men who threatened to destroy me, and they are now peaceful, sober, industrious citizens at work on my estate—the shock administered by the panther and the subsequent good influences of the reformatory having completely remodeled them. This narrative is my answer to the oft-repeated query addressed to me by my many friends: "Why do you wear a locket containing panther's hair, and why is your crest and coat-of-arms a panther couchant under the words, 'I rescue, I reform, I save'?"

Strange though this story may appear, I can vouch for its literal accuracy; and I may further add that since the date of my providential rescue I have traced completely the history of my rescuer and have proved that the hair in the locket given me by my mother on her deathbed was that of her favorite panther mingled with a small portion of hair taken from the little cub who in the days of his maturity rendered the valuable service to myself and many others which it has always been my intent to chronicle. As years pass on and my researches into Nature's mysteries grow increasingly profound, my love for all sentient life increases; and in my romantic country home, which I have boldly named "Panther's Lair," students of natural science love to congregate to watch our friends in fur setting their human neighbors many lessons in fidelity.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

PROMOTERS OF ANARCHY AND SOCIAL DISORDER.

"But the time for reckoning at length had arrived; slowly the hand had crawled along the dial plate—slowly as if the event would never come; and wrong was heaped on wrong, and oppression cried and it seemed as if no ear heard its voice, till the measure of the circle was at length fulfilled—the finger touched the hour, and, as the stroke of the great hammer rang out above the nation, in an instant the great fabric of iniquity was shivered into ruins."

In these striking and picturesque words the historian Froude describes the downfall of Wolsey, which came as the culmination of a long period of relentless oppression of the people and of grave infractions of the principles of justice and human rights, carried forward with reckless daring and at the expense of frightful suffering of the poor, in order that his royal master's wishes and whims might be gratified and his own position rendered secure. But the description is none the less true of the ultimate result of similar infractions of the underlying laws of justice and the principles of right and equity in any nation where there is a modicum of intelligence and where the vision of democracy has entered the social organism.

Leaving the Tudor reign and passing to that of the Stuarts, no student of history can fail to be impressed with the fact that the prostitution of justice at the hands of the judiciary, under the direction of King Charles I., more than any other one cause rendered the forcible revolution of the seventeenth century inevitable. So long as the judges remained the faithful servants of justice rather than its perversers, there was no danger of social anarchy or bloodshed; for the rank and file of all peoples, and especially of the Anglo-Saxon people, are conservative. They bear very much; they sleep over-long; but though they may apparently submit to injustice and moral

crimes from many sources, which bear down upon them in various and onerous ways, at length the hour comes when some one last act proves the spark in the social magazine, and the wronged ones, from mine and field, from factory and shop, arise as a mighty giant that throws off a spell and breaks all bonds. And then the betrayers of right, justice, and human progress behold with dismay that all the wrongs and usurpations which they had fondly imagined were forgotten have merely smoldered in the brain and heart of the people.

So long as there is general confidence in the judiciary, so long as the people believe that the poor man and the friendless will receive the same just consideration as the millionaire, and that the judiciary cannot and will not be influenced to swerve from justice in the case under advisement through prejudice, or personal or partizan considerations, there is no danger of a revolution of force. But let the people once see and feel that the judiciary is prejudiced, corrupt, or the tool of classes or parties, and all certainty of peaceful progress disappears. Hence, every moral wrong committed by a member of the judiciary, every usurpation of power not clearly within the rightful province of his office, every imitation of Star Chamber methods, every encroachment on the constitutional rights of free citizens in the interest of over-rich and arrogant trusts, corporations, or monopolies, sows the dragon teeth of social disorder and promotes anarchy a thousand-fold more than the loud mouthings of unbalanced brains who preach assassination and revolution other than by peaceful and constitutional methods.

I think it is quite safe to say that there are hundreds of thousands of intelligent American citizens to-day who believe that the judges who a few years ago issued injunctions against strikers in the vicinity of Hazelton and Latimer, Pennsylvania, peacefully marching along the highways and holding public meetings under the rights guaranteed by our Constitution, were directly responsible in the eyes of the higher law for the wanton slaughter of American citizens—the slaughter of innocent toilers who had committed no crime—at that time. And the conviction of this and similar great wrongs in flagrant abuse of the injunction power has done more to endanger social stability, by destroying the old-time reverence and confidence in the judiciary, than anything that has transpired within the last quarter of a century.

The exercise of the injunction power at the dictation of corporations that are in many instances outlawed by Federal

statutes has steadily grown during recent years, until a feeling is forcing itself upon the conviction of the nation that the temple of justice is becoming the armory and arsenal of lawless greed. It is safe to say, however, that no overt act of members of the bench has so aroused not only the toiling millions but the more thoroughly patriotic and thoughtful of our citizens, or has so alarmed all thinkers whose love of peace is second only to their passion for justice, as the recent injunctions of Justices Jackson and Kellar. The injunction of the former, coupled as it was with intemperate abuse and unjust language, was well calculated to startle the people; but the injunction of Justice Kellar was so revolutionary as to be almost incredible.

It will be difficult, I think, to imagine anything better calculated to exasperate and goad the strikers to overt acts of violence than this amazing injunction in the interests of the unlawful coal trust that has during the last summer plundered the American people out of millions of dollars while insolently refusing to arbitrate. This injunction called forth many noble protests from lovers of justice and peace, one of the clearest, strongest, and most fundamentally sound of which was the following open letter to the West Virginia judges from the eminent New York lawyer, Mr. Bolton Hall—who, it will be remembered, is the son of the late Rev. John Hall, D.D., was reared in affluence, enjoyed the best educational advantages, and mingled from earliest youth with the most exclusive social set of New York City. His inherent passion for justice and his love for his fellow-men, however, led him unhesitatingly to accept and defend the social philosophy of Henry George so soon as he became convinced that Mr. George's position was just and right. In his open letter, which first appeared in the *New York Journal*, Mr. Hall says:

"The injunction issued by Judge Kellar, of West Virginia, prohibiting the establishment of camps for men on strike, and following that of Judge Jackson, will no doubt call forth a storm of condemnation, as it should. But even though the storm should lead to a revocation or modification of the injunction, or even the impeachment of the Judge, the issue which he has so sharply put will still remain to be settled.

"Shall the people or the judiciary rule the United States?"

"Since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the subsequent assumption by the Supreme Court of the power to pass upon the legality of acts of Congress (for which there is no warrant either in the Constitution or in the statutes), the judiciary, and especially the Federal judiciary, has been encroaching steadily upon the rights of the people.

"The first step was the assumption of the power to nullify laws passed

by representatives of the people. The second step was the revival of the English procedure of issuing injunctions against crimes, which had been abandoned by the English courts because their effect was to abolish the right of jury trial. Hitherto these injunctions have been issued chiefly against offenses recognized by statute and by the people as opposed to the peace of the community, and therefore did not arouse general alarm. The people were fooled by the cry of 'law and order,' and did not see that the power assumed by the judges was the worst kind of illegality and disorder. The third step has now been positively begun by Judge Kellar.

"Injunctions have of late cunningly blended the prohibition of statute crimes with the creation of new ones. Judge Kellar has boldly crossed the border line and cast aside the pretense of enforcing existing laws. He has made a law, and proposes to execute it, and to punish any one who disobeys *his* laws. This is the real question at issue.

"Government by injunction will continue to menace the freedom of the people until they take away from the courts the power of passing upon the validity of laws, as well as the power of punishing as contempt of court, without jury trial, acts committed outside of the court-room. The people have slumbered, and gradually the danger which Jefferson foresaw has assumed most threatening proportions. What is to be done?

"The first step is to meet the threat of punishment for contempt by absolute contempt for the judge and his unlawful decree. Let the miners pay no attention whatever to the injunction, but continue lawfully to maintain their supply camp. To let the judge fill the jails with victims of his unlawful acts will be the surest way to draw attention to the dangers of judicial usurpation. I will be glad to join with any public-spirited citizens in defying this injunction by contributing toward the supply camps.

"The next step is for labor unions to enter politics and elect men to Legislatures and Congress who will curb the powers of the judges and make them the servants instead of the masters of the people.

"The third step is to destroy the motive for the issuance of injunctions in labor troubles by abolishing the cause of strikes—the difficulty of obtaining employment. For this I know of nothing save the Single Tax on land values proposed by Henry George. The present injunction and those issued by Judge Jackson have been issued at the instance of coal operators, who claim ownership of the bounties of Nature. A tax on the value of coal lands which would make it unprofitable to hold them out of use would force so much mining land into use that the demand for miners would raise wages without need for strikes. Only by settling these questions on fundamental principles can they be settled to stay."

The abuse of the power of injunction is one of the gravest perils of the hour. It is destroying the respect of thinking people for the judiciary. It is bringing our courts into public

contempt. It is giving to lawless trusts, which are openly and brazenly breaking criminal statutes, a sense of security that emboldens them to sneer at public opinion, to refuse to arbitrate, and to levy extortionate exactions on the consuming millions. Why should these predatory bands arbitrate if they can find Federal judges willing and ready to enjoin the strikers from peaceably assembling for public discussion, or others from supplying them with food and in other ways giving them aid and comfort, and while they can make America's millions pay the cost of the strike by increasing the price of life's necessities?

The selection in three successive Administrations of corporation, trust, and railroad attorneys to prosecute the violators of the Interstate Commerce Act and the Anti-Trust laws, and the abuse of the power of injunction in the interest of lawless and over-rich monopolies, are more calculated to undermine the confidence of the people in the integrity of government and the security of their rights in the courts than aught else; and such phenomena necessarily promote dangerous social unrest.

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PRESERVING FREE GOVERNMENT THROUGH MAJORITY RULE.

The aggressive campaign now being waged for the immediate success of majority rule in municipal, State, and national government, through non-partizan action, is incomparably the most vitally important political movement in the New World.

There is nothing new or revolutionary in the principle embraced in the demand for majority rule. Indeed, it is merely the practical adjustment of government under the republican ideal to the imperative demands of present conditions. No man who believes in the fundamental principles that differentiate democracy from monarchy or imperialism can consistently oppose the reasonable demand to give the people who elect their representatives the right of vetoing important measures that do not reflect the wishes or desires of electors, or the right to demand important legislation when, at the instigation of interested classes, the lawmakers fail to carry out the wishes of the people or properly to safeguard the interests of the masses from the rapacity of the few. And this is all that the program of the National Non-Partizan Federation for Ma-

majority Rule demands. What is unique in the present campaign is that by the method of procedure proposed, and known as the Winnetka System, the people may immediately enjoy the benefits of direct legislation or majority rule.

The following outline of the history and characteristics of the Winnetka System, written by Mr. George H. Shibley, will give our readers a clear idea of the method of procedure by which the Non-Partizan Federation, reenforced by the American Federation of Labor and the National Direct Legislation League, propose to push to early victory the program for majority rule throughout the nation:

"In Illinois the monopolists have prevented the voters in cities from deciding for themselves the questions pertaining to city monopolies, *and thereby have kept in the few men in the city council the power to give away the city monopolies.* Some years ago in Winnetka, Ill., a village of 1,800 people, situated sixteen miles north of Chicago, on the Northwestern Railway, the village board of trustees was about to give to a private corporation a forty-year franchise for supplying gas. At that time the citizens were holding each month a public meeting for the discussion of public questions—'Town Meetings' is the name they apply to these gatherings. While the pending forty-year franchise was being considered by the Elected Rulers (the few men who composed the Board of Trustees), the time came round for the 'town meeting,' and, very naturally, the question which came up for discussion was the proposed franchise of gas. It clearly appeared that the voters did not legally possess the power to veto the contracts negotiated by their agents (the village trustees). The unbusinesslike character of the situation appealed so forcibly to the citizens who were present that a resolution was framed asking that the trustees of the village submit the proposed contract to their principals, the voters. Then, when the evening came round at which the Village Board were to pass the ordinance, the leading citizens turned out *en masse*, and one of them, Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, secured the floor and talked for two hours. *He urged that the question be referred to the voters.* Finally the Board voted to do so. The Referendum Election was held, and the result was only 4 votes for the franchise and 180 against it.

"This settled the proposed franchise. And it did much more. *The experience taught the voters their power.* At the next primary election for the nomination of Trustees, the voters mutually agreed that only those men should be nominated who would stand up and pledge that, if elected, they would refer to the voters all important measures. The nominees thus pledged were elected, and they fulfilled their agreement. Each year the same procedure has been observed, and each year the Trustees have lived up to their agreement. To have broken their pledges and have attempted to give away an important franchise without consulting the voters might have cost them their lives.

"The essential principle of the Winnetka plan, namely, the pledging of candidates to enact into law the will of the voters when expressed by a direct ballot, has been applied elsewhere, and repeatedly. *The system is a simple and efficient method wherewith to instruct the people's representatives.* In a few places an additional step has been taken, as in Winnetka, that *all* important measures shall be referred to a direct ballot. Such is the case in Buckley, Washington. In Alameda, California, there is an ordinance for the Initiative. In Buckley the nominees for the city council are pledged, also, to the Initiative."

The importance and necessity of bringing the government back into the hands of the people, or, in other words, of making it again a republican government instead of a government dominated by trusts and monopolies, is steadily forcing itself on the conviction of sincere, thoughtful, and patriotic citizens in every walk of life; and now a plan is offered for the immediate realization of this vitally important demand.

The rise and rapid progress of the movement are largely due to the efficient labor of Mr. George H. Shibley, of Washington, aided by the outspoken demands of the American Federation of Labor, representing a million and a half of voters. Mr. Shibley is the chairman of the National Federation for Majority Rule, and in January, after the American Federation had indorsed the Winnetka System, he wrote a pamphlet entitled "Majority Rule in Combination with Representative Government in City, State, and Nation," which filled eighty pages and is one of the clearest and best brochures that have appeared on Direct Legislation. This treatise has been supplemented by another pamphlet entitled "History of the Winnetka System from January to June, 1902." The latter pamphlet contains much encouraging news of the progress of the movement.

The States of Kansas and Missouri have taken the lead, but various other commonwealths, from Connecticut to Texas, are moving forward. Missouri is perhaps the best organized State. Here a joint committee on Direct Legislation, composed of the legislative committee of the Missouri State Federation of Labor, is interrogating every Congressman as well as every legislative candidate. The State Federation of Labor is committed to only such candidates as pledge themselves to immediate action favorable to Direct Legislation. In Missouri this Federation of Labor is being ably seconded by the Direct Legislation League of Missouri. Other States are falling into line rapidly, and from the present outlook a very substantial beginning in the educational agitation that will go forward to

victory will be made in the autumn elections; while it is highly probable that several legislatures will be controlled by men pledged to majority rule.

The more one studies this subject the more he will be impressed with the overshadowing importance of the work. To Switzerland belongs the glory of practically solving the great problem of preserving a pure democracy in the presence of changed conditions and subtle forces essentially antagonistic to the spirit of republicanism. The result of the introduction of majority rule in combination with representative government in Switzerland has proved highly successful. On this point the following words of so careful, conscientious, and authoritative a thinker as Professor Frank Parsons will be of interest. When in Europe last winter Professor Parsons spent some time in the Alpine republic, studying their democratic innovations, and on his return he wrote as follows:

"In Switzerland, where the Referendum and Initiative have been so many years in use, the people are now substantially a unit in their favor. They have proved so useful in checking corruption and controlling monopoly, so wisely conservative and intelligently progressive, that even those who strongly opposed the Referendum before its adoption are now convinced of its value.

"I was recently in Switzerland for several weeks, visiting nearly all the most important cities and talking with men of every class—heads of government departments, presidents of cities, college professors, hotel proprietors, secretaries of chambers of commerce, lawyers, doctors, editors, business men and workingmen of every description—and *I did not find one man who wishes to go back to the old plan of final legislation by elected delegates without chance of appeal to the people.* I talked with men whose pet ideas had been turned down by the Referendum, and with men who were strongly opposed to important measures adopted by the people, the nationalization of the railways, for example, but they were all convinced that on the whole the Referendum was a good thing—the people made some mistakes, they thought, *but they did far better than a legislature acting free of the popular veto.* There are no lobbies, no jobs, no machine legislation; everything is fair and honest and even the legislators like it, because it gives them a life tenure practically (since the people frequently reelect the legislators at the same time that they veto some of their acts), and, more important still, it lifts the representatives into a purer atmosphere, adds to their dignity, increases the popular appreciation of their services, and frees them from the suspicions that attach to them under the lobby-ridden system of unguarded representation or government by an elective aristocracy having power by first vote to make laws the people do not want. Nothing could be clearer or more vigorous than the testimony of the Swiss people in favor of the Referendum."

The victory for the majority-rule program means the splendid triumph of democracy at a moment when the gravest dangers threaten our Republic. In the great struggle that is to-day going on no student of history can fail to see a battle for and against the very essence and spirit of republicanism. On this point it is interesting to call to mind the words of John B. Clark, LL. D., professor of economics in Columbia University. "Are we," says this eminent and authoritative thinker, "to have the Referendum in America? If what we mean by that word is the power to control legislation, the question is equivalent to asking whether we are to have democracy in America. . . . The real issue is whether we shall do our self-governing in an awkward and imperfect manner, which invites corruption, or in a direct and efficient way, which tends to suppress corruption."

In the presence of this practical program for majority rule no reader of THE ARENA should remain indifferent. It is a struggle quite as momentous and fraught with as much of glory or of gloom for humanity as was the great revolutionary struggle to which our fathers consecrated their substance and their lives. Its victory will again place our loved Republic in the van of the world's great moral powers—a leader, guide, and inspiration for Freedom's hosts; for the heart of the people is sound. Their love of liberty, of justice, of equity, is as strong as it was in '76. All that is needed are the ways and means for registering its will and asserting its desire, and this will be secured by the victory of the program for majority rule in combination with representative government.

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AN OBJECT-LESSON IN MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

The wanton waste of the people's wealth, as seen in the giving away of immensely valuable franchises to corporations by legislatures and municipal bodies, must be evident to every thoughtful person not blinded by the shallow sophistry of the special pleaders for corporations, if he takes the trouble to acquaint himself with the princely dividends paid and the enormous salaries earned by leading officials of street-railway companies, gas, electric-light, and other corporations operating public or quasi-public utilities for private gain. True,

through watered stocks and other devices to cover up the enormous earnings on money invested, the reports frequently fail to convey to the superficial investigator an idea of the actual amount gained from the people; while they enable editors of great newspapers, whose stockholders are also stockholders in the above corporations, to argue speciously against the people taking their own and enjoying in reduced taxes or increased municipal benefits the millions now being diverted into the pockets of the few. The street-railway company of Boston affords a typical illustration.

The report of the company operating these lines during the last year shows a net earning of \$3,456,395. This amount, it will be remembered, was over and above the princely salaries paid to the able manager and all other officials and employees. Under municipal ownership this vast sum would have gone into the city treasury and reduced taxes or contributed toward enriching the whole community, through schools, parks, and other municipal advantages that are for the benefit of all. Under present private ownership the great bulk of these millions goes to a few enormously wealthy New York capitalists.

In contrast with this the recent report of the town of Santa Clara, California, affords a striking illustration of the benefit of municipal ownership. The town has a population of 3,650 persons. Its tax rate is only \$3.50 on the thousand dollars. Last year the receipts from taxes were a little less than \$5,000, and those from licenses were \$1,600, or about \$6,600 in all. Yet the town expended \$10,850 and has to its credit \$3,100 as a result of the last year. That is to say, the expenses and the balance are \$7,350 more than the receipts from taxes and licenses. This amount was earned by the public utilities of the town operated by the municipality. Under the old way of letting a few people enjoy these profits accruing from the great natural monopolies, the taxes would have been almost double what they are.

If the natural monopolies were operated by the people, the almost fabulous revenues from these public utilities would go very far toward meeting all the legitimate expenditures of government; while the baleful influence of the great private corporations that to-day so largely corrupt legislatures and control public opinion-forming agencies would be largely removed.

THE PEOPLE'S TRUST: A PROMISING CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

Our "Conversation" this month deals with the subject of co-operation in the New World. The day after giving this "Conversation" Mr. Washburn received a telegram urging him to take the general management of the flourishing coöperative associations established by Mr. Walter Vrooman and his associates in Missouri and Kansas. Mr. Washburn left immediately, and after careful examination of the field accepted the position, arrangements being made that will enable him to give half his time to pushing coöperative work in the East, while the remainder will be spent in supervising the Western work.

The People's Trust, as the new coöperative association is termed, differs in several respects from the Rochdale Coöperative Associations. The latter possess some points of superiority over the new American associations, but in other ways we think the movement of which Mr. Washburn is the new business head is superior to the English system, notably in the appropriation of twenty-five per cent. of the profits for educational purposes. In the more compact centralized business arrangements also there appears an element of strength that will better enable the new movement successfully to grapple with the powerful egoistic trusts than would be possible under the Rochdale system. On his return from the West, Mr. Washburn gave out the following interesting summary of the situation in the Mississippi Valley, together with something of the purpose of the work in which he is engaged:

"I found the stores identified with the Western coöperative association in a most healthy, progressive condition. The coöperative movement of that section threatens to revolutionize the business of Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri in the near future. It is surprising what a tremendous hold the movement has already taken upon the people.

"To simplify the situation, we decided to unify the movements, and so merge the coöperative movement of the East with the three great coöperative associations of the West, under the name of the People's Trust of America. This will be the parent organization, which will extend the work and establish stores throughout the Union.

"We establish stores in localities where the coöperative sentiment is strong enough to sustain them, and then increase the investment as the patronage may warrant. We also arrange with dealers, by contract, to retain their equity and place their stores under our general supervision, while remaining under their own immediate management and on a stipulated salary, we to guarantee results and share in the profits. We

also purpose to bring affiliating movements under our general management.

"We have these departments to our movement: Mercantile, manufacturing, banking, publishing, and college. All these departments are under the general management of the parent organization. In our publishing department we have an official organ of considerable influence and circulation, called the *Multitude*.

"The stores are under the management of an expert staff, each store being distinctive in its operation from the other stores. There is thus a strong incentive to local effort, as one-half of the dividends go back to the purchasing members in each locality, one-quarter to the support of Ruskin College, and the remaining fourth to the general management for the extension of the work. This is a fascinating arrangement, and yet it is based on scientific business principles.

"I already have twenty stores, two factories, a bank, and a trust company under my management.

"We have professional buyers in the market at important centers, watching for opportunities to buy goods in quantities, which are shipped to our wholesale house and thence distributed to our chain of stores, thus enabling each store to meet the sharpest competition, and afford a profit in the shape of dividends."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

SONGS OF THE PEOPLE. By J. A. Edgerton. Cloth, 220 pp. Denver: The Reed Publishing Company.

The poet of the people is one of the most effective ministers of progress. Historians rarely take note of his work; nor is his far-reaching influence recognized by conventional critics, who affect a contempt for singers whose imagination soars not on eagle wings of genius or whose phrasing sometimes lacks the deft touch of the schoolman. And yet the people's poet, singing the high hopes, aspirations, and dreams of justice, freedom, and fraternity into the brain of the masses changes the thought-world of millions of people, calling into life high, fine ideals that henceforth become life-molding influences and in a real though subtle way exalt the race and further true civilization.

Burns has done more for human amelioration and enduring progress by his songs of the common life than any score of popular dilettante poets who have basked in the favor of conventionalism since his day. The songs of Burns became an inspiration to Mackay and Massey, and these in turn, no less than Burns, kindled the ethical fires in the poet-soul of our own James G. Clark and other popular singers of our age and tongue; while all the time the ethical lyrics of the simple singers of the common life are filling the narrow and prosaic thought-world of the millions with high dreams of a nobler life and a truer order to which all that is best in civilization is tending.

Among the youngest and sweetest of our simple singers of the common lot is James A. Edgerton, of the editorial staff of the *Rocky Mountain Daily News*. Mr. Edgerton is a true apostle of progress, a man of high ideals and noble impulses; and, what is more, he is true to his convictions, ever striving to help the people into a broader, freer, and more joyous day. Few singers of ethical and progressive lays have had their verses so widely quoted in recent years as Mr. Edgerton; and his numerous admirers will learn with pleasure that his most popular poems have just appeared in a neat cloth-bound volume, under the title of "Songs of the People."

The volume contains many charming reminiscent poems and some very beautiful lays of affection; but for our readers the ethical verses will hold special interest. In the following stanzas, entitled "The Poet," we have one of the best representative poems of the book:

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

Thrilled by the immemorial mystery,
 He stands upon the borderland of life
 And hears the voices of another world.
 The things of time, the earth, the works of man,
 To him are shadows, fading with the years;
 While beauty, love, and truth before him gleam,
 Unchanging—the eternal verities.

He suffers with a poignancy of pain
 The world cannot conceive nor understand;
 There is a strange commotion in his heart—
 The battles of the spirit and the flesh,
 The devil and the Christ; and in his soul
 There is the burning of a quenchless fire,
 That heats and stirs and will not let him rest.
 His mind, like an Æolian harp, is tuned
 To all the harmonies, and he responds
 To every thought-wave of the unseen world;
 He is *en rapport* with the racial soul;
 He feels the discords, inequalities;
 He knows the hopes and heartaches of his kind;
 And he has joys that seem like agonies,
 And agonies that have a touch of joy.

He senses things for which he has no name;
 He feels a life that stirs within the rocks,
 A consciousness in blossoms and in trees,
 An embryo divinity in birds,
 A glimpse of reason gleaming through the brutes.
 He knows the soul of Nature, leans his ear
 Unto her lips as to an oracle;
 He is at home within the solitudes,
 Across the bloomy meadows, by the streams,
 Within the forests, or along the sea;
 He learns the silent language of the stars
 And kneels at worship on the mountain tops.

He has a faith as wide as humankind;
 Sees good in all religions and all men.
 A stranger unto dogmas and to creeds,
 He looks for God in Nature and in art
 And finds him in the temple of his soul.
 As primitive and pagan as the sun,
 He feels his kinship unto all that is;
 He knows the oneness of the universe.
 He fancies in a vague, subconscious way
 That he has lived in some forgotten past;
 He thrills to know that he will live again,
 That life is endless—backward and beyond.

He loves—and all the secret of his power
 Is bound up in that single truth—he loves.
 He loves the sunlight shining in the fields;
 He loves the trees, the blossoms, and the brooks;
 He loves the birds, and oft, at early dawn,
 When he has heard a robin's song, has thrilled,
 As at the touch of some old master's hand;
 He loves humanity, and he has felt
 The passion and the fire of liberty;

And he loves women; they for him have oped
The gates that lead to heaven and to hell.
They are his inspiration and his dream;
For while his soul holds gleams of paradise
His heart still clings to passions of the earth.

He sings—but what he sings to what he feels
Is as the breaking wave unto the sea.
Within his mind are epics; from his pen
Flow songs that seem inadequate and lame;
And so he journeys down the ways of life,
Poor, discontented, haunted by his dreams,
Yet stirred perhaps by nobler happiness
Than all the petty souls that drudge for gold;
For he is touched by that divinity
Which makes the light and music of the world.

Nothing is more needed to-day than a moral awakening. A profound ethical stupor has crept over the soul of the nation, very similar to that which prevailed in England during the ascendancy of Horace Walpole, but which was broken up when the Wesleys and Whitfield fired the conscience of the poor and startled the Church from her shameful lethargy, and when Pitt and other great statesmen who had been sneered at by Walpole as "the boys" aroused the moral sense of thinking Englishmen.

To-day college, pulpit, and press are as a rule silent in the presence of the shameful, unjust, and dangerous aggressions of lawless trusts and great monetary combinations, and equally silent in regard to—when, indeed, they do not apologize for—sickening deeds of inhumanity and savagery committed by uniformed officers of the United States Army who have without exception escaped punishment, though it has been proved that they laid waste fertile lands, that they commanded the slaughter of all over ten years of age, and that they resorted to hideous torture that was a legacy of the Spanish Inquisition. And these great molders of public opinion are likewise silent, when not publicly upholding Governor Taft and the Administration in making it a crime to publish or circulate the Declaration of Independence throughout a vast territory over which floats the flag that up to the dawn of this century represented the Declaration of Independence and all that it stood for.

The Republic is under the spell of gold-madness and lust for dominion, and what is most needed are such trumpet calls to conscience as will arrest public attention and compel people to think, and a persistent agitation looking toward stirring the noblest impulses of life—such agitation as shall make the people see and feel that unless we are just, unless we foster freedom, unless we fearlessly curb the criminal aggression of lawless wealth as promptly as we visit punishment upon offending poverty, unless we strive to express the spirit of the Golden Rule in public and social life, we are building on the sands as did Babylon and Rome in the olden time.

One of the great merits of Mr. Edgerton's verse lies in the high moral tone that pervades his rhymes and in his direct appeal to the con-

science of the reader. He strikes no false note; he is not blinded by the glamour of an imperialistic dream of wealth and power obtained by the slaughter of those whose only crime is fighting for their native land and by making fruitful lands a howling wilderness; nor is he deceived by sonorous words and meaningless platitudes, in which sound is substituted for sense, while the basic principles of freedom are being betrayed and precedents established that pave the way for imperialism at home as well as abroad. In the following stanzas, from three poems entitled "The Penalty," "The Law," and "The Gods of To-day," he utters words of warning that, as surely as a moral order prevails throughout the universe, are words of truth and wisdom:

We are mad—grown mad in the race for gold.
 We are drunk on the wine of gain;
 The truths our fathers proclaimed of old
 We spurn with a high disdain.
 But while the conqueror's race we run,
 Our rulers should not forget
 That the God who reigned over Babylon
 Is the God who is reigning yet.

Would we tread in the paths of tyranny,
 Nor reckon the tyrant's cost?
 Who taketh another's liberty,
 His freedom hath also lost.
 Would we win as the strong have ever won,
 Make ready to pay the debt.
 For the God who reigned over Babylon
 Is the God who is reigning yet.

The ruins of dynasties passed away
 In eloquent silence lie;
 And the despot's fate is the same to-day
 That it was in the days gone by.
 Against all wrong and injustice done
 A rigid account is set,
 For the God who reigned over Babylon
 Is the God who is reigning yet.

The laws of right are eternal laws,
 The judgments of truth are true;
 My greed-blind masters, I bid you pause
 And look on the work you do.
 You bind with shackles your fellow-man,
 Your hands with his blood are wet,
 And the God who reigned over Babylon
 Is the God who is reigning yet.

'Tis a truth as old as the soul of things—
 Whatever ye sow, ye reap.
 'Tis the cosmic law that forever springs
 From the unimagined deep.
 'Tis shown in the manifold sorrowings
 Of the race; in remorse with its secret stings;
 That he, who grief to his brother brings,
 In his turn some day shall weep.

To the man who hears his victim's cries
 And hardens his heart at the sound,
 At last a Nemesis dread shall arise
 From out of the void profound.
 Who sows in selfishness, greed, and hate
 Shall gain his deserts in the years that wait,
 For the slow and remorseless wheel of Fate
 Forever turns 'round and 'round.

If ye give out mercy and love and light,
 The same shall return to you;
 For the standards of right are infinite
 And the scales of the gods are true.
 By its good or evil each life is weighed;
 In motives and deeds is its record made;
 In the coin ye pay ye shall be repaid,
 When your wages at last fall due.

Majestic, sublime, 'round the great wheel of Time,
 The earth through the ages rolls on;
 From shadow to light, from the star-sprinkled night
 To the gold and the roses of dawn;
 But the hordes of mankind to the spectacle blind,
 With faces bowed down in the dust,
 Creep on to their graves as the manacled slaves
 Of their selfishness, hatred, and lust.
 They turn from the dream of the glories that gleam
 In the deific light of the stars,
 And cease to aspire, as they kneel in the mire
 At the altars of Mammon and Mars.

'Twas Liberty's morn when our country was born,
 The dawn of the era of right.
 We're straying away from the light of that day
 To the gloom of the old feudal night.
 Our fathers began at the freedom of man,
 But we have forgotten it all.
 We seek our recourse in the doctrine of force,
 The gospel of powder and ball.
 In newly-born pride we are pushing aside
 The Christ with his wounds and his scars.
 We turn from the cross to the worship of dross
 At the altars of Mammon and Mars.

Space forbids our quoting further from this noble little volume of "Songs for the People;" but we heartily wish that it may have a wide circulation in the homes of the toilers, where its simple and heartfelt lays will sing eternal truths into the brain and give shape to noble thoughts and resolutions.

AMERICAN COMMUNITIES. By William Alfred Hinds, Ph.B.
 Illustrated, cloth, 434 pp. Price, \$1. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr
 & Company.

This is a well-written and exceedingly valuable book giving a concise history of all the important communistic and semi-communistic

societies of the United States, from Colonial days down to the present. The work will prove interesting to students of social problems, although we could have wished that the author had accompanied his excellent historical and descriptive work with a philosophic survey of the subject, showing how the numerous communal experiments illustrate the widespread and deep heart-hunger of our age for a Fraternal State, and also the major causes that render failure inevitable to isolated movements in a time when the solidarity of the race was being emphasized as never before, when they were not held together by some strong common bond, as for example a common religious faith.

Though not so interesting to the general reader or so unique in character as many of these communal experiments, such as Brook Farm and the Oneida Community, yet the Amana Community enjoys the position of being the largest and most prosperous community in the United States to-day. It is a very wealthy society, and something of its character may be gathered from the following extracts from Professor Hinds's long and interesting sketch of the community:

"Of existing Communistic Societies, Amana has the largest membership, the highest commercial rating for wealth and credit (AA A1), and the best prospect of permanency. Its seventeen or eighteen hundred members live in seven villages near the center of Iowa. . . . The Amana villages are in the midst of a domain of 26,000 acres. Besides its enormous farm, supporting hundreds of horses and thousands of other stock, the Society has saw-mills, grist-mills, a tannery, a print-factory, two woolen mills, and seven stores. It makes cotton prints, yarns, flannels, and other woolen goods, and has a high reputation both in manufacturing and farming. Amana is supplied with water by a nine-mile canal from Iowa River, which it took three years to complete. An artesian well 1,600 feet deep yields warm, sulphurized water, used in the dye-works.

"These Inspirationists are careful to say that they do not practise communism for temporal or pecuniary purposes, nor for the purpose of solving great social problems, but that they may better lead the true Christian life; and that their communism is based on faith, and requires self-denial and the love of God and man.

"The Amana villages are laid out generally in squares, with a main street extending perhaps half a mile. A few of the older houses are of stone; the greater number are of wood; some of those more recently erected are of brick. The families live separately—one or more families in a house; but they eat in groups of thirty-five to fifty, in the so-called kitchen-houses, of which there are fourteen at the principal village. Certain articles of food are regularly distributed to them. The milkman, I noticed, rang his bell at every kitchen-house night and morning. Food is carried in baskets to those who are unable to go to the eating-houses. They have three regular meals, and in summer two lunches besides, as at Economy. Their food is substantial, but unmodified by modern dietetic philosophy. Every house has a small patch of ground for garden purposes, in which you will generally observe, in addition to the common vegetables, flowers and grapevines, from the fruit of which the people keep themselves supplied with home-made wine.

"In their graded schools both the German and the English languages are taught, but German is almost exclusively used in their ordinary business and conversation, and all their religious exercises are conducted

in the same language. The Bible is read in their schools, which are attended the year round by children between the ages of five and fourteen years.

"There is singing, but musical instruments are not permitted in the society.

"They are non-resistants; they furnished no volunteers in the Civil War, but hired substitutes to fill their quota. They, however, contributed during the war nearly twenty thousand dollars to benevolent objects.

"Amana is a great example of Communism. More than seventeen hundred people here live in comfort and happiness, each one sure of enough to eat and drink and wear so long as he lives—sure, too, of a home and friends—sure, also, of such discipline and instruction as shall keep him constantly reminded of the supreme importance of a temperate, virtuous, holy life. They live in such perpetual peace that no lawyer is found in their midst; in such habits of morality that no sheriff walks their streets; in such plenty that no beggars are seen save such as come from the outer world."

In addition to the carefully prepared sketches of all the notable communal experiments of the United States written by a sympathetic and painstaking pen, we have also in this work brief notices of recent coöperative movements—movements that, unless all signs fail, will soon be mighty factors in the social and economic life of America.

In perusing this interesting volume the reader will be impressed with the fact that the nineteenth century, in greater measure than perhaps any other period, experienced the heart-hunger for fraternal life. These multitudinous reachings out for a brotherhood life were the prophetic voices of the new coöperative order. They failed largely because poor, isolated communities could not cope with a mighty current whose key-note was coöperation and combination on the largest scale and where the warring and deadly competitive spirit was the life of trade. And yet they indicated the soul-hunger of the age; they foreshadowed the coming coöperative age, in which altruistic coöperation shall be pitted against soul-slaying combinations that were and are animated by the savage spirit of the old competitive age.

The volume is handsomely gotten up and is remarkably cheap for the kind and quality of the book.

NATHAN HALE: A STUDY OF CHARACTER. By William Ordway Partridge. Illustrated, cloth, 134 pp. Price, \$1 net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

In this work Mr. Partridge has made a timely and valuable contribution to the truly vital thought of the age. At present, when the anomalous action of our Government is confusing terms and justifying acts against which our nation for one hundred and twenty-five years stood as a mighty protest, it is well that the eyes of the thoughtful should be turned backward to the stirring days of the Revolution and that we should contemplate again the life of one of the noblest and most heroic martyrs to the cause of free government in the constellation of Liberty. No thought of expediency, no shrinking from the gravest danger, no

wavering in the presence of almost certain death came to this young Yale College man, who was also bound to life's young joys by the passionate devotion of the only woman he had ever loved, but who, on the very threshold of what promised to be an illustrious career, faced death with the one supreme regret that he had but one life to give for his country.

Mr. Partridge's statue of Hale on his way to the execution is one of the best specimens of modern American sculpture. Its creation occupied above five years, and during this time the artist brooded lovingly over his subject and studied every history to be found concerning Hale. As a result we have to-day the noble statue and this loving tribute, which should be read by every boy in the Republic. If more literature like this study were placed in the hands of our young, we would see a marked elevation in the moral character of youth and manhood. It has been said that "where there is no vision nations perish." And it is equally true that a people reflect the ideals that have a place in the public mind. The greatest peril to America lies in the substitution in a large way of the ideal of wealth and position as the aim and object of life in the place of character and loyalty to duty; but books like "Nathan Hale" will call the imagination of the young back to nobler dreams and conceptions than those held out by modern commercialism.

The volume is divided into four principal parts, the first being a charming chapter on "The Creation of an Ideal Work," in which we are taken into the sculptor's confidence and with him follow the steps that resulted in his remarkably fine statue. This chapter is followed by four chapters concerning the life and tragic death of Hale, after which there appears an admirable comparison of André and Hale, and the volume closes with a well-digested estimate of the life of Hale.

The following poem by Mr. Partridge on "Nathan Hale" faces a fine illustration of the statue of the sculptor who in bronze, verse, and prose has rendered an important service to our people by holding up to the gaze of a world too much given to grosser concerns the "ideal patriot"—one of the men who never die:

One hero dies—a thousand new ones rise,
As flowers are sown where perfect blossoms fall;
Then quite unknown, the name of Hale now cries
Wherever duty sounds her silent call.

With head erect he moves in stately pace,
To meet an awful doom—no ribald jest
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face:
His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest.

Now on the scaffold see him turn and bid
Farewell to home, and all his heart holds dear.
Majestic presence! all man's weakness hid,
And all his strength in that last hour made clear:
"My sole regret, that it is mine to give
Only one life, that my dear land may live."

The volume is a beautiful specimen of book-making and is richly illustrated.

AS NATURE WHISPERS. By Stanton Kirkham Davis. Cloth, 70 pp. Price, 50 cents. New York: The Alliance Publishing Company.

Reader, was it ever your privilege in childhood to wander in the forest in springtime, when the wild crab-apple was glorifying the somber woodland with its mantle of snow lit up by the red tints of dawn? If so, you call to mind that strange and indescribable delight derived from the matchless fragrance of its blossoms. You will remember that long before you reached the tree you entered a zone of sweetness that satisfied but never satiated. The lily cloys. The fragrance of the orange blossoms sickens when you enter a grove of trees decked in their bridal glory. But not so with the wild apple. Drink however deeply you may of its almost intoxicating perfume, and your delighted senses call for more.

Or perhaps it was the wild grape arrested your wandering feet when as a child you searched the mossy banks for the opening flora of the woodland. If so you remember how that wonderful perfume affected you, lifting you for the moment above the petty things that at other times seemed large in this strange old world and bringing you *en rapport* with the mystery of creation and creation's God. If indeed in youth you have thus delighted in the matchless perfume found only in Nature's great laboratory, you will understand our pleasure in the perusal of this new book by Mr. Davis, when we say that it constantly reminds us of the charmed moments of childhood associated with the wild apple and the forest grape. Here is found beauty and sweetness that never surfeits, cloys, or satiates. Here is poetry—true, fine poetry, free from the fetters of rhyme and clothed in the flowing robes of stately prose. Here is a wealth of imagination rarely found in modern works, and, what is more, all the words and imagery are pure, sane, inspiring, suggestive, and uplifting. In style this little work frequently suggests the poems of Ossian. Here is the same noble simplicity, the same stately rhythmic flow of musical words that most naturally and perfectly describe the pictures in the poet's mind. But, if the style suggests the works of Macpherson, the thought is as far removed from that of the elder poet as are the best aspirations of the twentieth century removed from the dominant note of life in the rugged, rude days when the poems of Ossian were supposed to have been written. For here, instead of the thunder of war and the clash of arms, the hoarse cry of savage hate, the groans of the vanquished, and the loud shouts of bloody victors, the splendid calm of Nature prevails. The serenity of the wise soul who joys in peace, beauty, love, and life pervades the work. Here is inspiration, stimulus, and aspiration. Here Nature in her glory croons her lullaby to the careworn heart and whispers wisdom to the searching child of love. Here are hints and suggestions that, if followed, would bring health and peace and gladness to thousands of overwrought and sick men and women in the busy centers of life.

Back to Nature! This is the imperious call of wisdom to the wise. In this book the author emphasizes this cry while suggesting something of the beauty to be enjoyed, the benefit to be derived, and the wealth to be found by those who would come closer to the palpitating heart and soul of the universe.

Something of Mr. Davis's thought and style may be gathered from the following extracts, embracing in part the poet's invitation to wander forth from the abodes of men and learn from the august Mother more of life's great truths than can be found in the mad whirl of modern life:

"Child of Nature, let us wander, at our own sweet will, through hemlock woods and by the sea; across the upland pastures and over the mountain trails.

"Child of the magical Eye and the magical Ear, come let us roam with the wings of the morning and the heart of love, into the heart and soul of it all; and may this our hegira mark an era memorable for us. We shall shut the door of our cabins and enter the Hall of the Universe. We shall enter the forest and heark to the song of the Winds; wander by the bold rocky shore and hear the voice of the Sea. We shall roam over the snows on winter days, and draw round the hearth on winter nights and there listen again to the voices of the Winds, of the Sea, of the Far-Off Time—in glowing coals, or blazing logs, or driftwood fire. It may come to pass we shall see what we have not seen before; may catch some new strain; think some heroic thought; may find our hearts larger than we supposed; may conclude at last the Unknown is within ourselves—that there are the celestial spaces where swing the stars in their majestic orbits; that their Summer and Winter dwell and await our bidding, and so arrive at the root of it all at last and know it for what it is. And the stars are symbols, the sun a symbol, the serpent and the dove. There is one Voice albeit many voices; one Sun albeit many suns; twilight, moonlight, starlight, but one Light only.

"We shall sit amid the sweet-scented violets, the little white violets, on the edge of the placid brook, lulled by the cadence of the softly murmuring waters, the smiling sunlit waters, on these rare days in June. The bubbling medley of the bobolink seems but the echo of our own exuberant thought: the skimming of the tree swallows its graceful, rhythmic flow. Green pastures, green pastures, and the blessed peace of a loving solitude; O Elysian fields, O gardens of the Hesperides—here do we find you! Out of a full heart and in green pastures did the Poet bring you forth.

"This we call Nature is not what we have supposed it to be—it is a very beautiful veil. Who has seen the face behind the veil? This we call Man is not what we have supposed it to be, but also a veil, a mask. Who has seen behind the mask? The veil we name Diversity, but behind the veil is Unity. The Masters have ever perceived this; this has been their direction, from diversity to Unity, from the veil to the Face, from the apparent to the Real.

"We shall linger by many a rushing stream, but the fish we seek is not to be caught with flies; we must bait our hooks with other bait. We shall angle in very deep waters and in some rapids, and it will take more than one turn of a wrist to land our prize. There is in these waters a fish of pure gold. Occasionally some few have seen a sudden gleam upon the waters and have known it was passing. They it is who have changed their mode of angling. Genial, kindly men always; much given upon a time to consideration of split bamboo and lancewood, patent reels and landing nets; now grown indifferent to these, but still

cherishing affection for the brotherhood of fishermen, still alive to the old comradery; now seeking the fish of pure gold, silently watching the trout at the head of the pool with nose up stream that if it be possible they may gain some inkling as to the whereabouts of the fish they seek. They have not grown sour or exclusive, nor cranky—far from it. They have become weary of fishing in shallow waters, that is all. They no longer angle at the expense of the fish. It has come to them that they only played at fishing before; now they would fish in earnest. They are no longer dilettantes in Nature, in Art, in Life, but strong, magnetic thinkers; opposers of shams; opposers of dilettanteism; true woodsmen, lovers of Nature; lovers of mankind. The woods have won them over at last. The woods are genuine; dilettanteism is there poorly nourished. They have seen the gleam upon the waters."

In these lines from the chapter upon "Voices" the author, seated before the burning hickory log, thus describes the ancient sentinel by the roadside:

"In the open fire we hear the voice of the Woods. . . . The hickory stood at the cross-roads and the village boys clubbed it on their way to school; so in turn their sons, and again their grandsons. Under this tree the farmer drove on his way to town. Consider the loads of fragrant hay that passed that way and brushed against it, leaving wisps of straw dangling high above the road. Little processions took their way beneath this tree to the village graveyard, while the oriole sang overhead all unheeding, and the apple-trees were in blossom. The tree saw them first toddle to school and saw them carried away at last. What gales have roared about it and rattled its bare branches: what mighty reverberations resounded there! What sagas of the Ancient Forest has the Westwind told; what mighty chants the Northwind breathed, as the snow has come swirling over the pasture and clung to its branches! And then the silence of the winter days; the majesty of the winter nights when the village folk were abed and snoring, and the old hickory stood alone in the glittering snows, solitary witness of the unutterable glory of Orion. And at last came the axe sharper than beaver's tooth; all this—and the voice bewails not, and the flames crackle cheerily and we are warmed and cheered as we sit about the hearth. What if our thoughts were as great as was the life of that tree—reflected the winter nights, the summer dawn, the October days, the ineffable silences!"

The volume contains five chapters, entitled "Exploration," "Relationship," "The Wild," "Magic-Play," and "Voices." It is a good book—a book that will rest the mind while stimulating thought; that will broaden the vision while strengthening the nobler resolutions. It is a book that all lovers of Nature should possess.

THE CONCISE STANDARD DICTIONARY. Abridged from the Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary by James C. Fernald. Cloth, 480 pp. Price, 60 cents. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

We have several times referred to the Standard Dictionaries as, in our judgment, the very acme of excellence in dictionary making. The Unabridged Standard has no peer, not only in that it possesses a much fuller vocabulary than any other work, but also in its excellence of defi-

nition, its completeness in indicating permissible pronunciations, and the clearness with which it indicates precisely how a word should be pronounced. Since its appearance, though we have had other leading dictionaries at hand, we have rarely used them.

This new small dictionary contains 28,000 words and phrases selected from the Unabridged Standard with the special view of meeting the wants of the general reader. The definitions are clear yet concise. There are 500 illustrations that further illuminate the meaning of certain words. In the appendix is an admirable list of geographic, historic, and other proper names, and a list of foreign words and phrases common in literature. Altogether it is a valuable dictionary and merits very wide circulation.

VESPER SPARROW; Or, WHAT THE BIRDS SAY. By Margaret Kern. Cloth, 210 pp. Price, \$1. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

This is a well-written and rather unique work calculated to do for birds something of the good that "Black Beauty" did for horses. It consists of twenty-nine chapters, in which birds do the talking. It is a volume that children would enjoy, and its influence could not fail to be most beneficial. Indeed, it is hard to see how a child who entered sympathetically into the work could afterward kill a bird. In the book the bird is continually arraigning the "humans" for cruelty. Thus, for example, the ground-bird says:

"We, Birds of the Air, are bearing our share of the world's sorrow. The burden laid upon us by humans has been heavy indeed. We have suffered to satisfy their vanity and to appease their appetite. We have suffered that they might have the pleasure of wantonly slaying us. We must suffer imprisonment to gratify their lust for money. . . . Could I but dare to tell you that which I have seen in the eyes of the dumb brute, and the caged Bird, you would stand aghast, horror-stricken at the secrets locked up in Nature to be seen through the windows of the soul—the eye."

It is a good book, and especially valuable where there are children, whose plastic minds are day by day being hardened or rendered pitiful by the books they read, the words they hear, and the acts they behold.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Currents and Undercurrents." By Sara E. Browne. Cloth, 242 pp. Price, \$1.25. New York: The Abbey Press.

"Perfecting the Earth." By C. W. Wooldridge, B.S., M.D. Cloth, 326 pp. Cleveland, Ohio: Utopia Pub. Co.

"Money: Its Nature and Function." By Chas. Bonsall. Cloth, 103 pp. Published by the author, Salem, Ohio.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

TWO important additions to our Board of Associates have been made since the announcement of this expansion of our editorial scope in the last issue—the Rev. Adolph Roeder and Mr. Carl Vrooman. We have also instituted a Board of Special Contributors, to which will be added, from month to month, some of the best known writers in America—beginning this month with Justice Walter Clark, LL.D., of the Supreme Court of North Carolina; the Hon. Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo; Dr. Henrik G. Peterson, a very able scholar and thinker, and the Hon. Boyd Winchester, ex-Minister to Switzerland.

Mr. Roeder is one of the most prominent clergymen of the New Church denomination. He is now stationed at Orange, N. J., but has held charges at Baltimore, Md. (his birthplace), and elsewhere. He is president of the German Synod of the New Church, an organization covering the United States, Canada, Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Switzerland; founder of the New Jersey State Federation of Civic Clubs; member of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, and author of many successful books, among which are "Light in the Clouds," "Handbook of the Science of Correspondences," "Sea Pictures," and "Cities of the Word." His unique contribution to this number of *THE ARENA*, on "The Civic Over-soul," suggests his capacity for close observation and clear thinking.

Mr. Vrooman is regent of the Kansas Agricultural College and a remarkably brilliant young man. He spent most of last year in Europe, making economic studies, and his sociologic papers will be found of deep and helpful interest to our readers.

The opening article of this issue throws much new light on the problem of Anarchism by reason of the superior illuminating power of fact over theory. It may be regarded as the testimony of an eye-witness, as the author has written much on the same subject for the official publication of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, of which he is a director, having had special facilities for getting information at first hand.

Our story this month introduces an element of occultism that we believe will not prove unwelcome. The writer, Mr. W. J. Colville, is known internationally as an author and lecturer of exceptional gifts. "Life and Power from Within" and "The Throne of Eden" are among his latest and best books. A portrait and biographic sketch of this writer appeared in *Mind* for September.

Archdeacon Glover, of Oregon, will contribute a timely paper to our November number on "The Personal Power of the President."
J. E. M.